



MAD

NO. 26
AUG 2022

GETS NUTTY OVER GREED



MADMAG.COM





SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

MAD

NO. 26

AUGUST 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

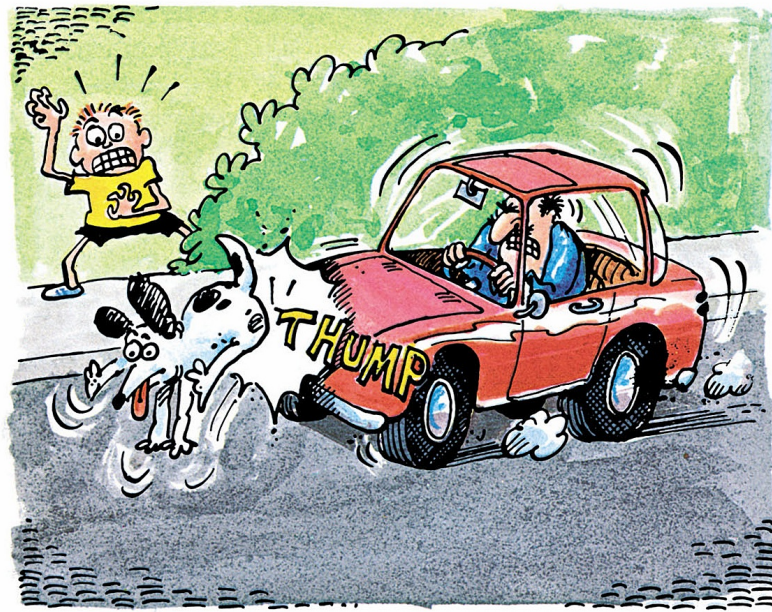
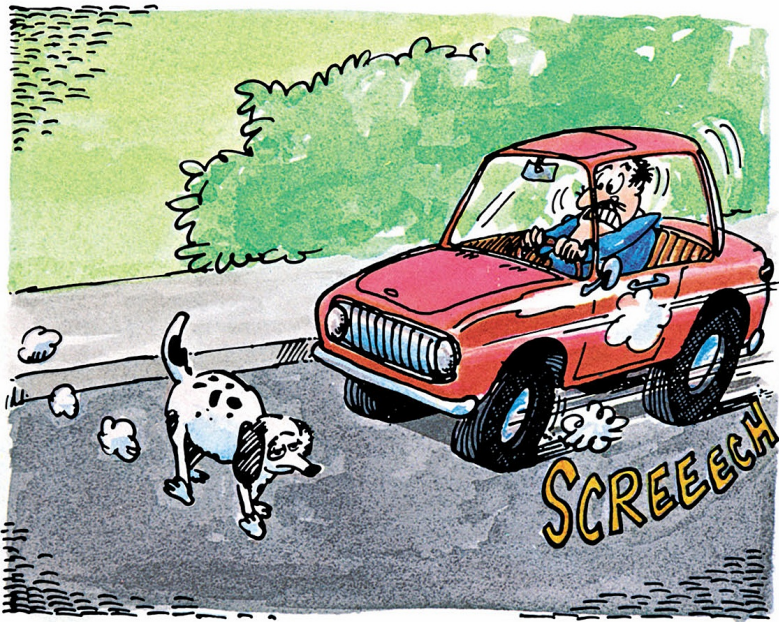
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

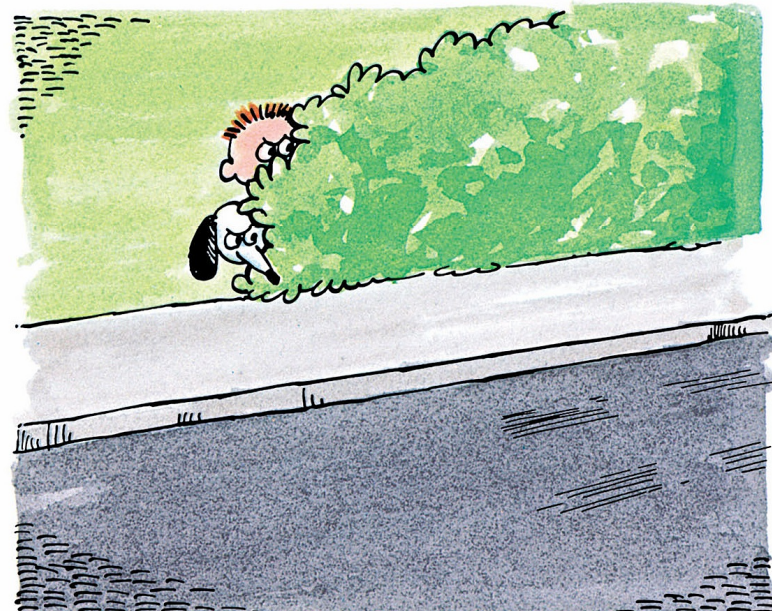
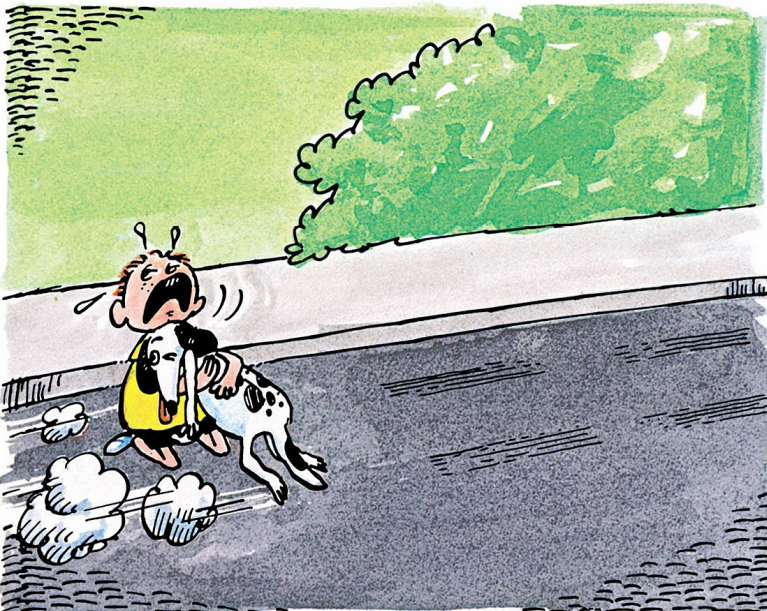
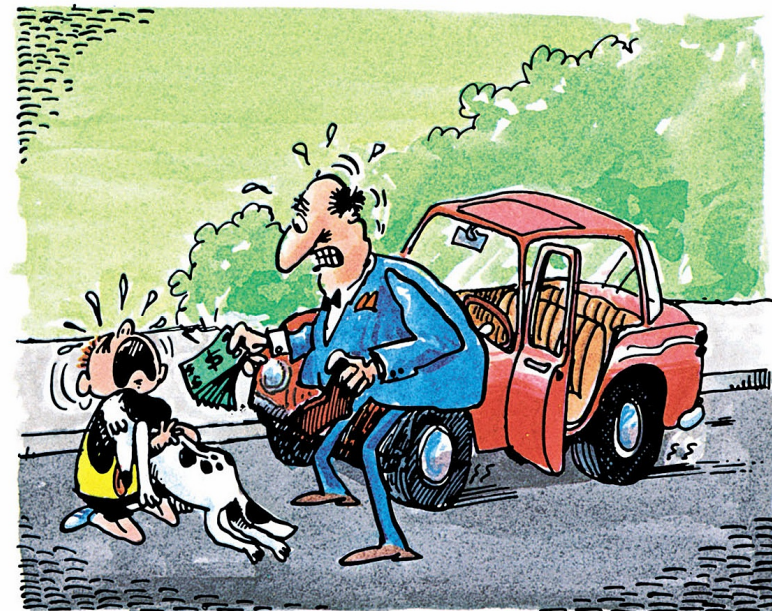
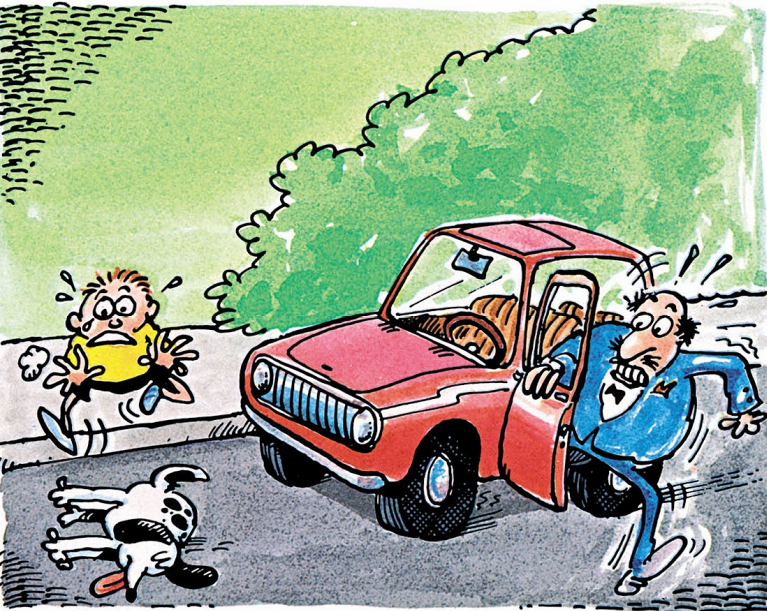
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

Norman Ming

DOG GONE DOLLARS



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #224, JUL 1981

ORIGINAL PUBLISHED IN MAD #62, APR 1961



DONALD YUCK DEPT.

MAD's TRUMPED-UP SCENES FROM THE APPRENTICE



Any apprentice of mine has to be **intimidating** like **me**...so I want you **all** to go home and practice **THIS** pose in the mirror!



Whut? You mean this **ISN'T Average Joe**? I musta got in the **wrong** line! Huh-huh!

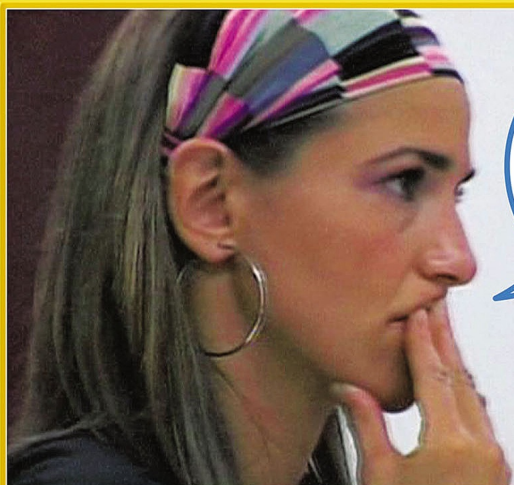


Now, when *I* was starting out, there was **no one** to hand **me** anything on a silver platter — well, **unless** you count my **Dad**, one of the **biggest** land developers on Long Island!

I say we just **do it!** You think Mr. **Trump** got where **he** is by asking **permission** to tear down bridges and things?



Don't throw up...**don't** throw up...it's not **roadkill** on top of his head — it's just a **haircut!**

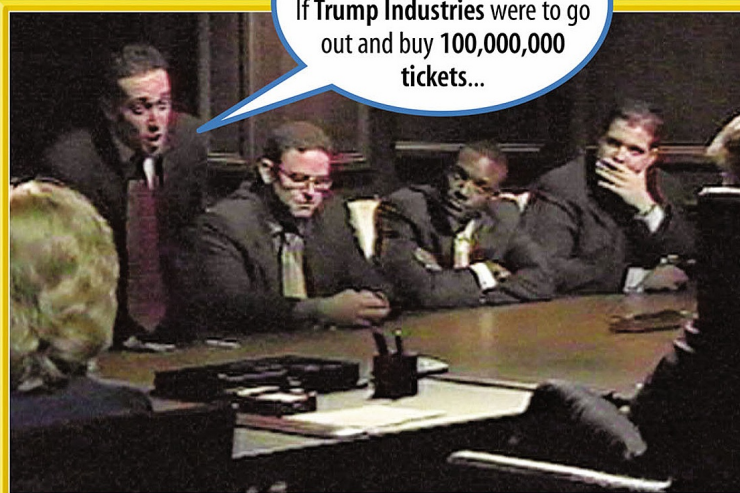


He wouldn't **dare** fire me first! Everyone from **Jesse Jackson** to **Al Sharpton** to **Johnnie Cochran** would be **marching** on **Trump Tower!**





I love hanging out with **Donald**! He's the **only** person in the **world** who makes **my** hair look **good**!



The Powerball Lottery jackpot is way, **WAY** up there! If **Trump Industries** were to go out and buy **100,000,000** tickets...



That's a **hysterical** joke, sir! And I think I speak for **Nick** here when I say we'd be laughing **just as hard** if you **COULDN'T** buy and sell our asses a **million** times over!



Who cares about becoming his **apprentice**? I'm here to fill the "**Ivana**" vacancy!



I told him I'm a "**people person**." He said "**Good!**" I'll put you in charge of **evicting** people from **rent-controlled** apartments I want to convert to **condominiums**!"



Look how far I have to walk from **here** to the **curb**! You're **FIRE**!

When *The Apprentice* turned into *Celebrity Apprentice*, they only forgot one itty-bitty thing. Celebrities! Last season's washed-up wannabes and barely-weres packed all the star wattage of a sputtering bug zapper. Mr. Donald Trump is a man accustomed to the best in life. Therefore, any celebrity project bearing the Trump name should reflect the unforgettable, shared moments of human culture. The Roman Empire! The Renaissance! Shaving Vince McMahon's head on pay-per-view! So don't ask how it's happened, just root for the history-making superstars as they fight to become...

THE DEAD

I'm Donald Trump, welcoming you to the Trump Boardroom of the Trump Organization, atop magnificent Trump Tower! This is my oily son, Donald Trump Jr., and my waxy daughter, Ivanka Trump! Trump Trump Trump, Trumpy Trump Trump Trump! Let the fruit of my groinal Trumpatozoa fill you in with the details!

Don't let my slack, inert face fool you! On the inside, I'm a seething cauldron of emotion! And last season's cast of mediocrities made me sick! That's why we spared no expense to pervert genetic science in a deeply obscene way! Presenting the members of Team Zombie!

Bow to Cleopatra! As Queen of Egypt, I held unimaginable power! And my millions of subjects treated my every utterance as the received wisdom of a living god. Think Oprah, but without the Book Club!

They called me the Babe! The Bambino! The Sultan of Swat! I'm fat enough for three nicknames! I led my teams to ten World Series! I only wish they had steroids back then. I could have won twenty championships! Including the Kentucky Derby! And not as a jockey, either!



How right you are, Jesus! Each of us must face personal damnation or salvation at that moment of supreme judgment! And that'll all be handled by Dad, in the *Dead Celebrity Apprentice* boardroom! Introduce yourselves, Team Sarcophagus!

I may be a hunka hunka rotting flesh, but I'm 1,000% confident that I'll win this competition! Of course, I ALSO thought I'd live to be 45 on a daily diet of pig's feet, peanut butter and prescription drugs!

To be on *Dead Celebrity Apprentice*, or to be on *Celebrity Rehab*, that is the question! Because between thou and me, I hath got a pretty strong addiction to mead! As a keen observ'r of the human condition, I wilt have much to speak upon my experiences here. And you can check it all out on <http://www.bardofavon.blogspot.com/>!

CELEBRITY APPRENTICE

To restore Germany's glory, I plunged her into a ruinous war! As a shrumpy, black-haired nebbish, I promoted the ideal of the blonde Aryan superman! Now, as a virulent racist and anti-semitic, I've decided to chill out with a media job in the racially pure world of show business! Hmmm...maybe it just ain't my millennium!

Why, it's me, Groucho Marx! The pleasure is mine, being on a series with The Donald! I think I'd rather be with The Mickey and The Goofy! What a show! You mean I got up from a dead sleep for THIS, when I could be home, decomposing my memoirs? I'd call my agent to complain, but he died in 1929!

I am Emperor Nero! I was a hated leader with daddy issues who seized power under mysterious circumstances, bankrupted my country, and dawdled while one of our major cities was destroyed! Nevertheless, 55% of Roman citizens said I'm the tyrant they'd rather have a beer with!

I tell you, on the day of judgment you will have to give an account for every careless word you utter; for by your words you will be justified, and by your words you will be condemned!



As your 37th President, my many enemies called me the most paranoid, ruthless, sneaky and contemptible man ever to hold the office! For this backstabbing show, I'm slightly underqualified!

Dooby dooby doo! Old Blue Eyes is back, this time from the grave! The name "Frank Sinatra" guarantees results! In my career, I was responsible for 203 hits! Or 208 hits, if you believe the FBI files!

Representing the gallant patriots of the American Revolution, I am Betsy Ross! Almost nothing is known about my life. I'm pretty much famous for sewing a flag, and that's it! Hey, it's more of a résumé than Omarosa's!

I'm pro wrestling legend Andre the Giant, and I'm a major "get" for any reality TV series! At 500 pounds, I could be on *The Biggest Loser*! I could reunite with Hulk Hogan on *Hogan Knows Best*! And with so many choreographed matches, I'm a natural for *Dancing with the Stars*! Heck, I could even be on *Survivor* — as the island!

This is a **cutthroat**, anything-goes competition that only one of you will survive! But first, Jesus Christ will give us one of His famous pep talks!

What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! You cannot serve both God and Money! Love others as well as you love yourself!

I'm just not following You, J-Dawg! Does not compute! No wonder You only had one best-selling book, while I've had a dozen! Your holy message of honesty, love, peace and forgiveness won't last ten minutes in today's TV programming! I hate to do it, but Jesus...YOU'RE FIRED!

Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!



Before we **begin**, I know there are some of you who've never even heard of New York City! Raise your hands. I'm seeing Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra...and BABE RUTH? Didn't you play for the Yankees?

I don't know, possibly! **Burp!** I was pretty wasted!



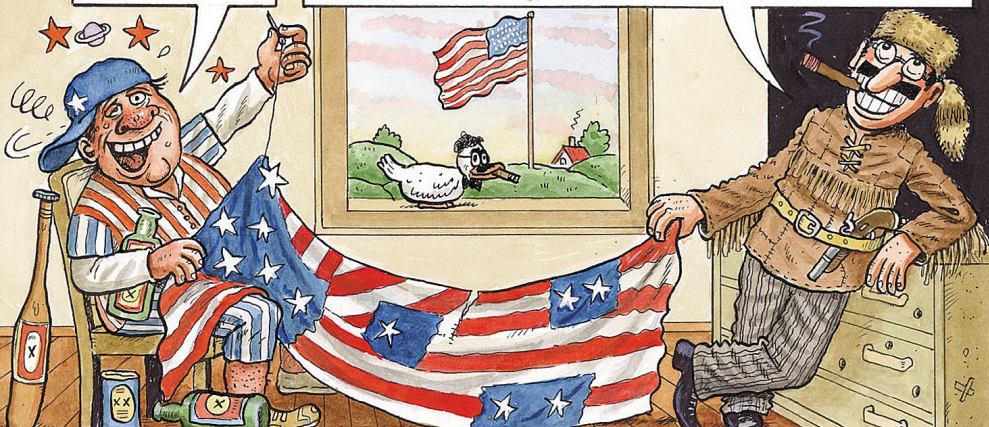
I thought long and hard about what would be a good task to kick the proceedings off. I wanted it to be totally fair to both sides! The first challenge will be a flag-sewing competition!

Awwwwwww, BOOOO-yeah! In your FACE, Hitler!



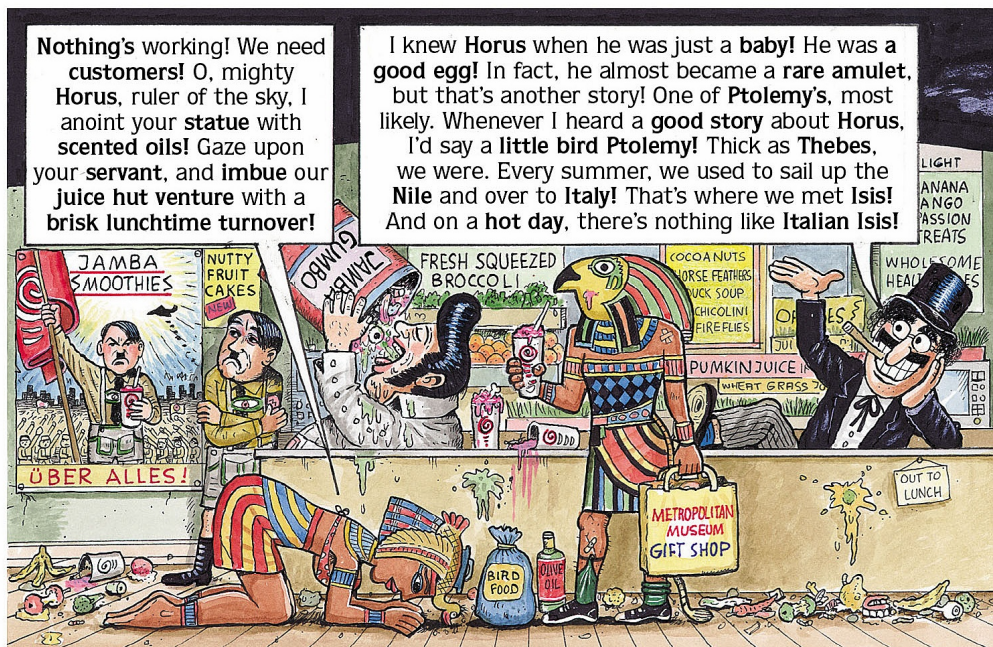
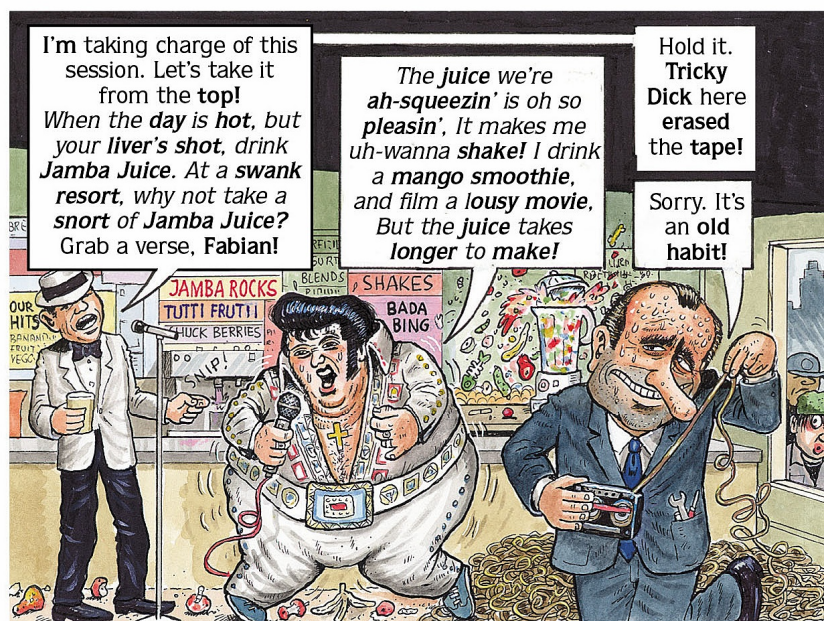
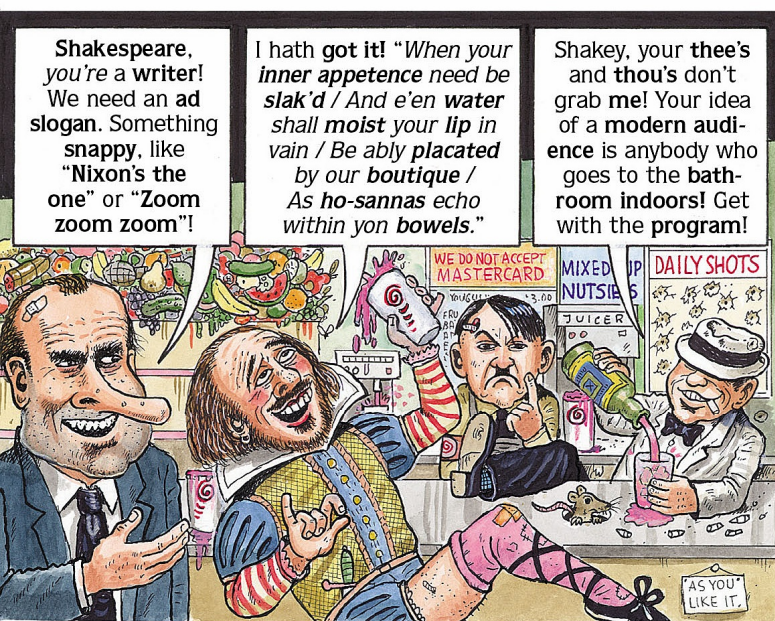
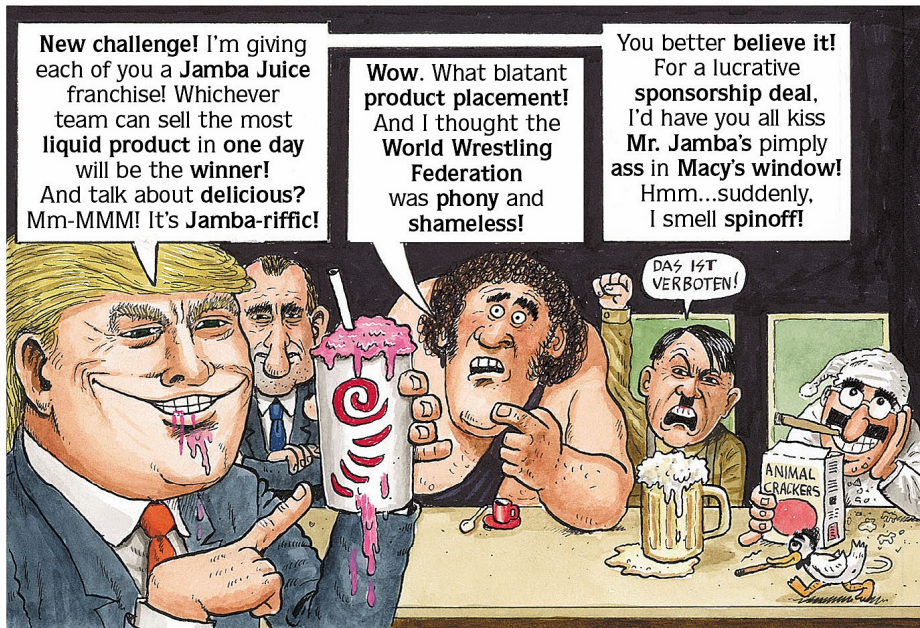
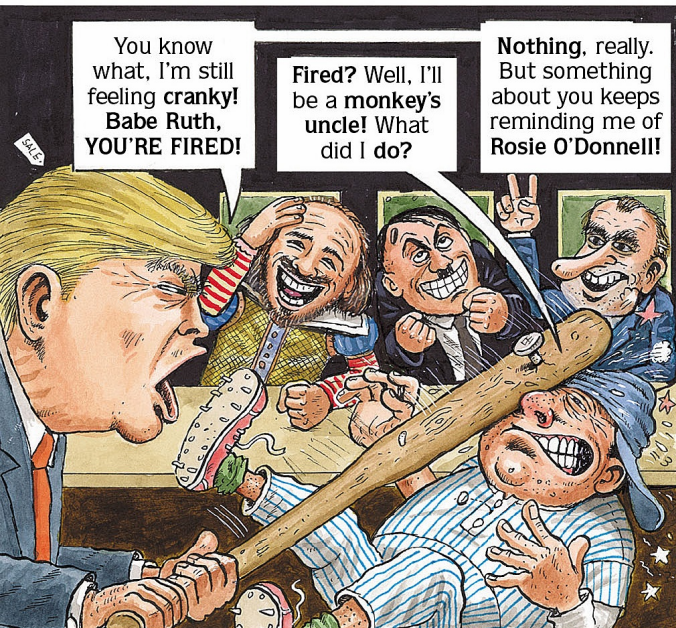
I sure do remember Flag Day back in 1927! I belted three home runs, two taxi drivers, and a cop!

Big boy, I can almost see you now, slugging those home runs in Yankee Stadium. But I can't see Yankee Stadium! An old joke, I admit. But I haven't gotten a dime from NBC in fifty years, and they get what they pay for! If you've got a dime, that joke can be yours. Pay me a quarter, and I'll never tell it again! Now that's a deal you can't beat with a stick! But don't take my word for it. For 50 cents, I'll sell you a stick!



This hackneyed design is yesterday's news! Team Zombie's composition has much more appeal! Betsy, YOU'RE FIRED!



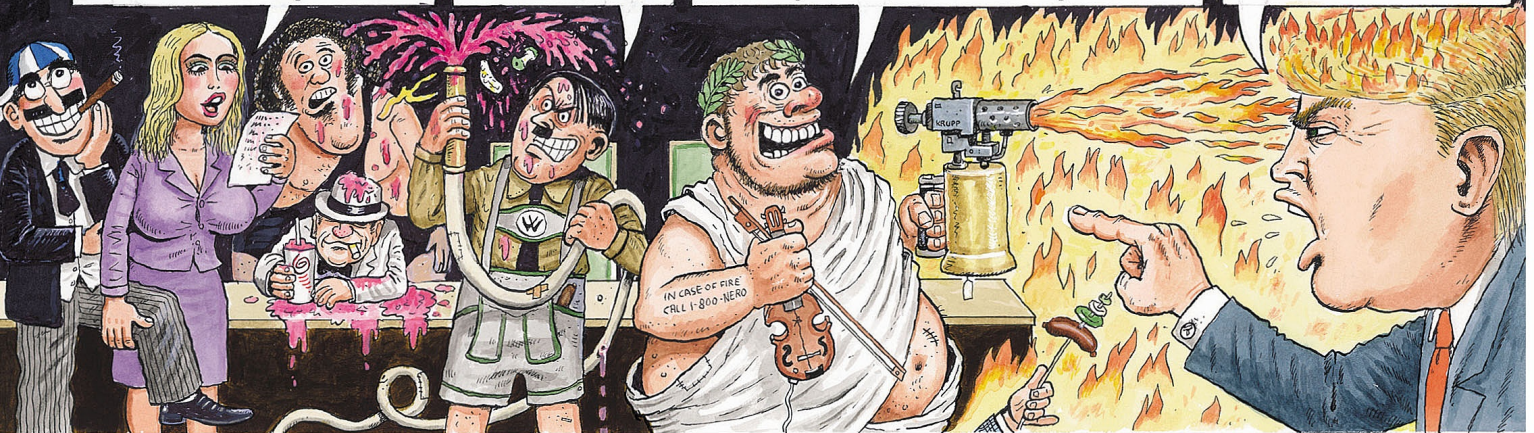


These totals are shocking! Team Sarcophagus did very well, selling 182 gallons! But Team Zombie unloaded 750,000 gallons of Jamba Juice! How is that even possible?

German efficiency! I secretly connected our juice supply to the New York Fire Department's hoses!

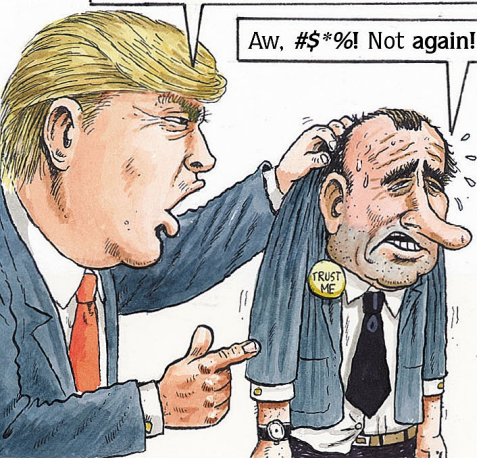
And I pvt the flaming torch to several local strvctvres — Trvmp Towers, Trvmp Plaza, the Trvmpapolitan Mvsevm of Art, Trvmp Grain Silo, Trvmp Lanes Bowling Emporivm and the Trvmp Interspecies Brothel! Then I fiddled while they bvrned, and ovr team's jvice flowed!

Nero, you toga-wearing twit! There's no profit margin in smoke inhalation! I'm angry about YOUR FIRES! Therefore, YOU'RE FIRED!



It's also come to my attention that a certain **crooked** contestant has **diverted** some of the Jamba Juice into his own secret "slushie fund"! Let me make one thing **perfectly clear**: Nixon, **YOU'RE FIRED!**

Aw, #*\$%! Not again!



I've decided to **shake** the game down to its very foundations! I'm taking **ALL** the members of Team Zombie, and I'm switching them for all the members of the **other** team! And vice versa!

Way to go, Dad!

That's the kind of **meaningless** dramatic twist that **reinvigorates** an otherwise stale and tiresome formula!

And we're not just **saying** that to **suck up** to you because we know that **somewhere** out there, there's a hot, unknown **14-year-old** with a **Slovakian** accent that you will some day end up **marrying** and will try to talk you into cutting us out of your **will!**



Dead celebrities, your next task is to create a new **promotion** for Central Park!

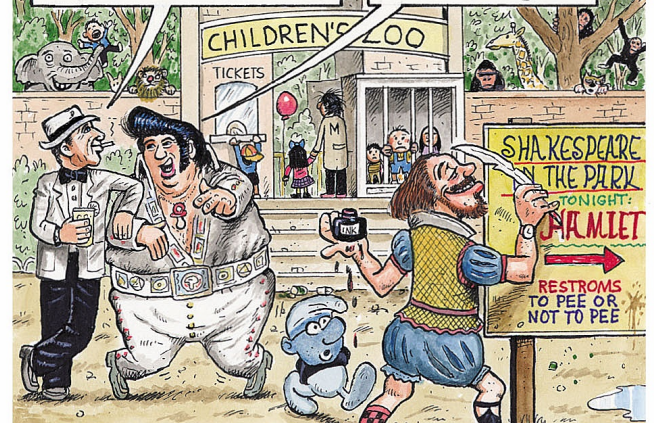
Ah, look at all this **open space**! "*When I have seen the **emerald sprawl** unfurl / T'would ebb and bloom yet ne'er cause **breach** / Any man may think himself an **earl** / As **Nature** claims its **glory** and its **reach**.*"

Sickening, isn't it? If the City Council had half a brain between them, they'd let me **bulldoze** the whole meadow area, and put up a modest, unobtrusive **68-story skyscraper!**



The Central Park Children's Zoo is for kids! Kids don't pay for rent, or gasoline, or groceries. Kids equal **disposable cash!** I propose we transform the zoo into Manhattan's first casino!

If we're going to build a casino, let's make the floors nice and **soft!** It was always tough on my back, passing out on stage!



Toil harder, slaves!
Work without cease!
Or your Queen swears
you will never live to
see Ra's sunset!

It's a little under-
stated, but I like it.

They gave me this job because
I'm a well-known chiseler! I only
wish I knew how to spell **✂**! Say,
it's getting dark. Could you send
someone in here with a flash-
light? Preferably a young blonde!
Make it **two** blondes, and you can
forget about the flashlight!



Daddy,
why are
you
glowering
9%
more
than
normal?

Because the dead celebrities wrecked the park with
their illegal construction. New York has yanked my
real estate license! Atlantic City's pulled my gaming
license! I.M. Pei, Pink Floyd and Dick Clark Productions
are all suing us for plagiarizing their pyramid!
But the capper was landscaping Central Park's water
reservoir into the shape of a swastika! That was too
tasteless...even for me! Hitler, YOU'RE KAPUT!

Ach!
Today
NBC,
tomor-
row
**The
Surreal
Life 15!**



Shakespeare,
what do
you think
went wrong
for
your side?

"Our best-laid plans are
ended. We are foiled, /
Undone by o'er-wrought
ambition and haste."
Or in other words,
we screwed the pooch!

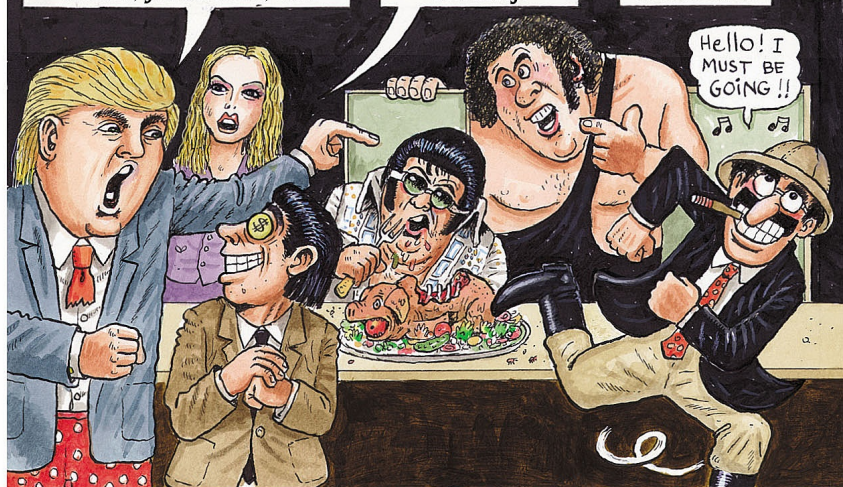
Under this
magnificent hair,
I've got a
splitting headache!
Shakespeare,
THOU ART FIRED!



I'm in a mean mood! I went
seven whole minutes without
being on camera! Elvis, you're
fired! Groucho, you're fired!
Andre the Giant, you're fired!
Ivanka, you're fired, too!

Me? But I'm your
own daughter!
And besides, I'm
not even a dead
celebrity!

That can be
taken care
of! Here,
Donald Jr.
Double your
inheritance!



We're
down to
the final
two,
Frank
Sinatra
and
Cleopatra!

Cleo, using slave
labor on a major
construction site
is something so
hatefully low, even
I haven't done it.
Though I've certainly
DREAMED about it!

Mr. Trump, I've always
been attracted to pow-
erful men! You remind
me of Julius Caesar!
I'd love to talk about
the similarities back
in my antechamber!

Now THAT'S
the art
of the deal!
Sinatra,
YOU'RE
FIRED!



Not so fast, Richie
Rich! I think this is
a good time to
call in some of MY
celebrity contacts!
Say hello to your
new silent partners,
Trumpsky!

How'd you
like to give up
hosting **Dead
Celebrity
Apprentice**,
and become a
contestant?

Gurk! I may have
misspoken! From
one Chairman
of the Board to
another: Mr. Frank
Sinatra, YOU
are the winner!

And
I
did
it
my
way,
Jack!



The Bank Examiner

Scenes We'd Like to See



WRITER **GEORGE MANDEL**

ARTIST **JOE ORLANDO**

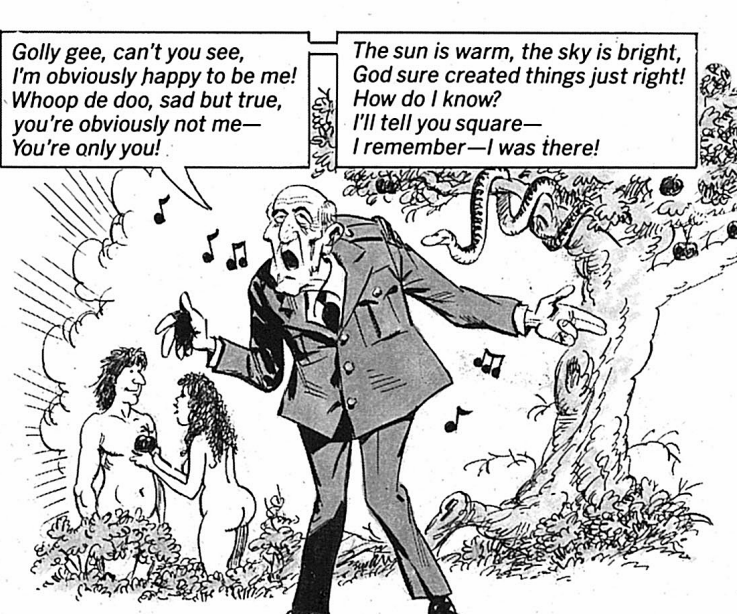
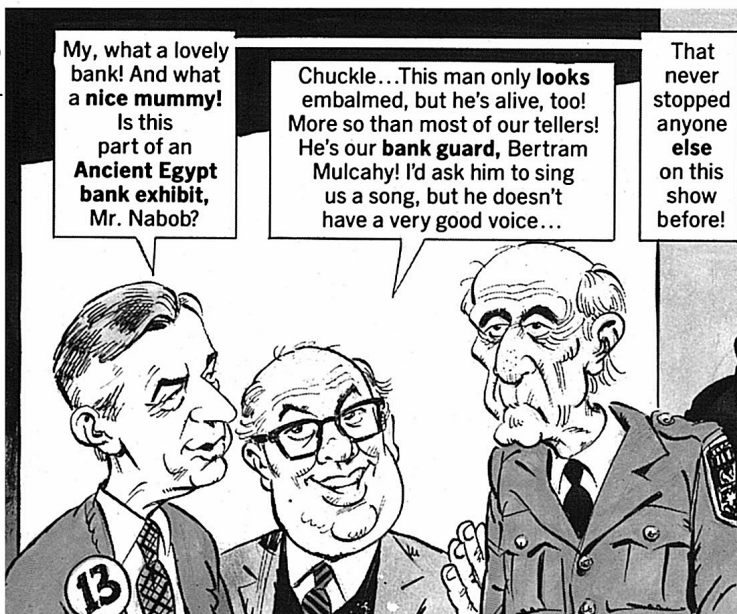
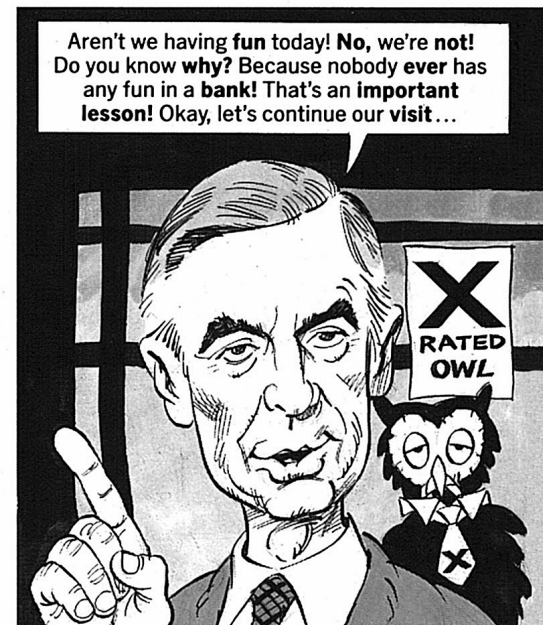
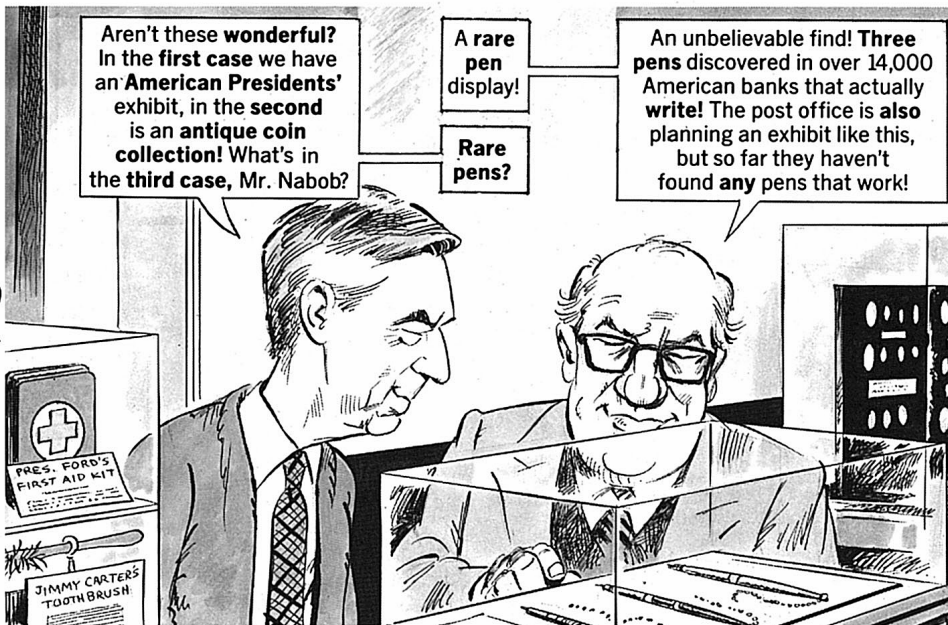
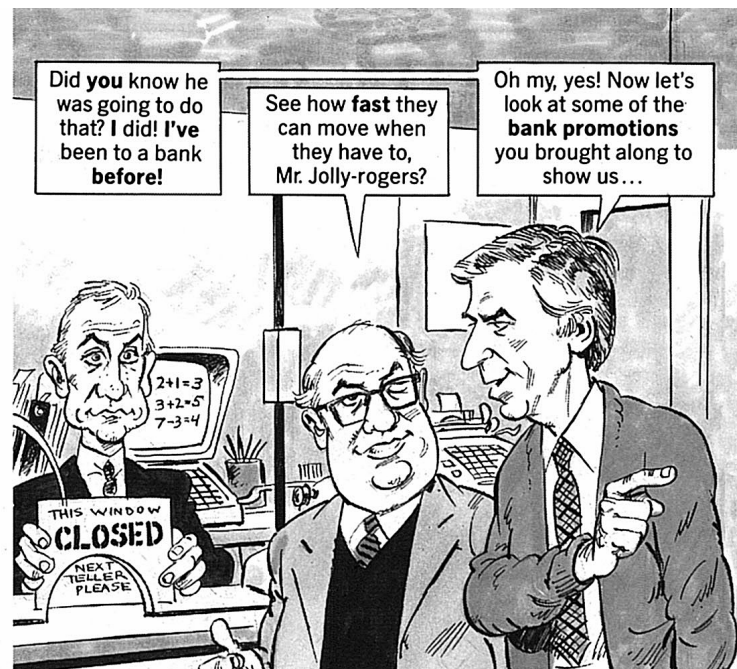
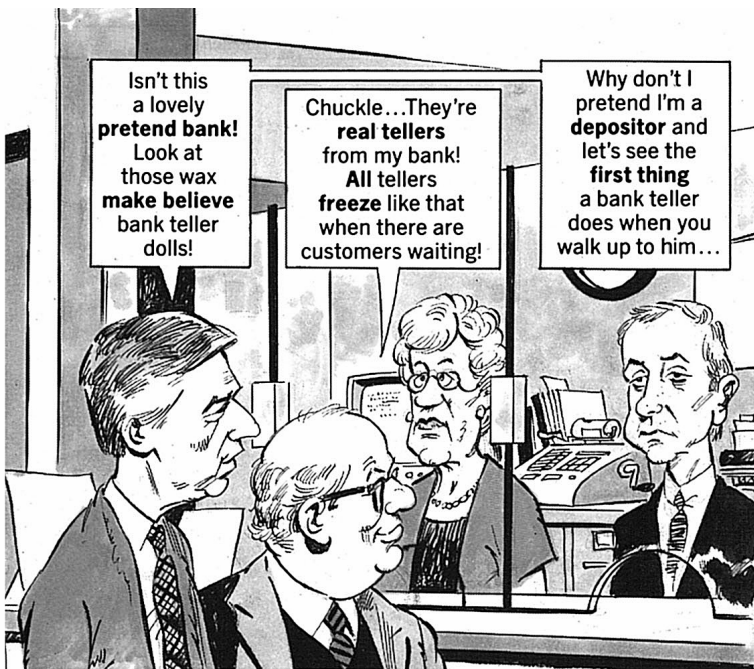


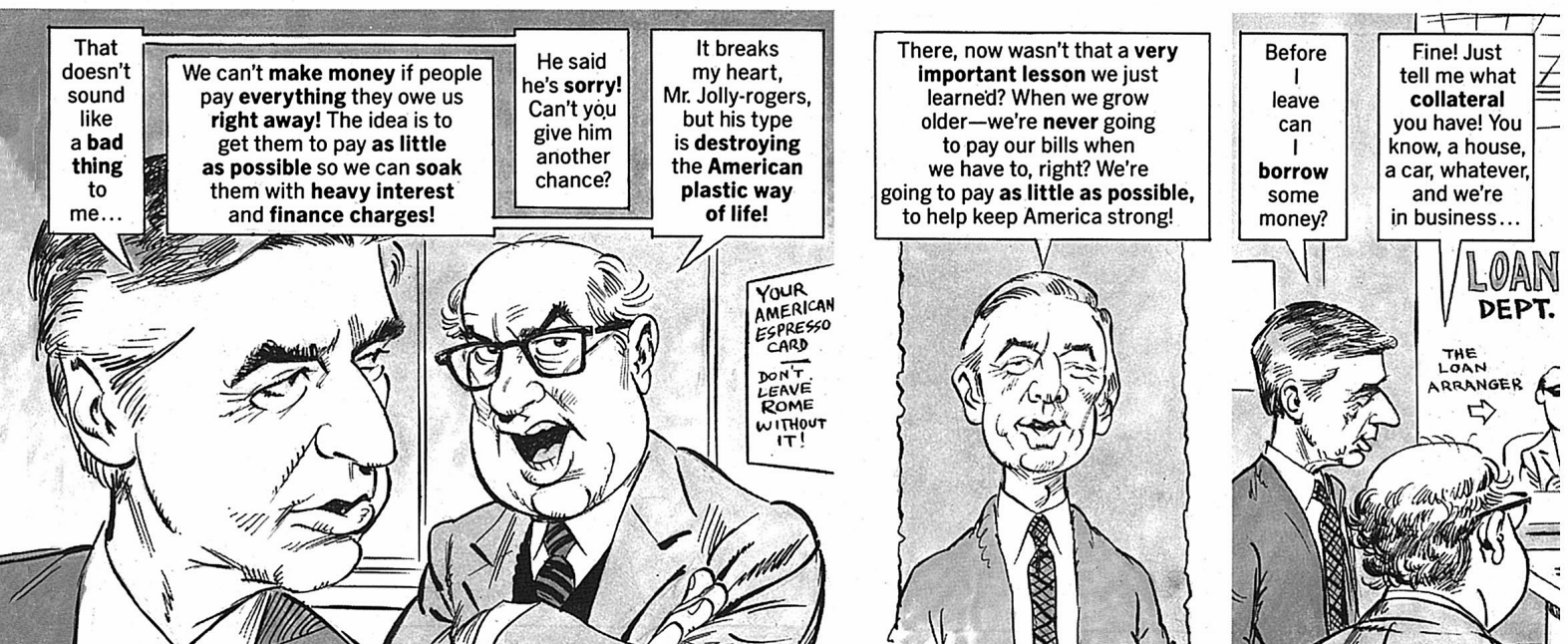
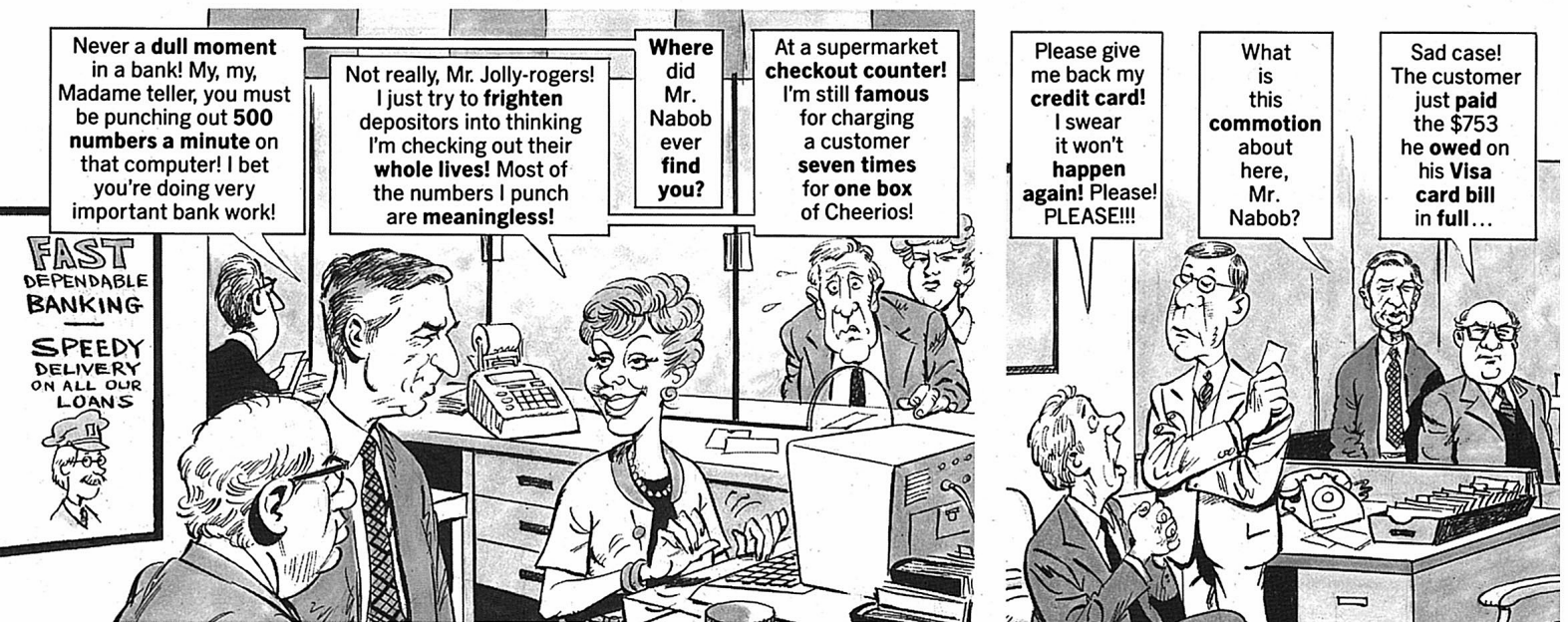
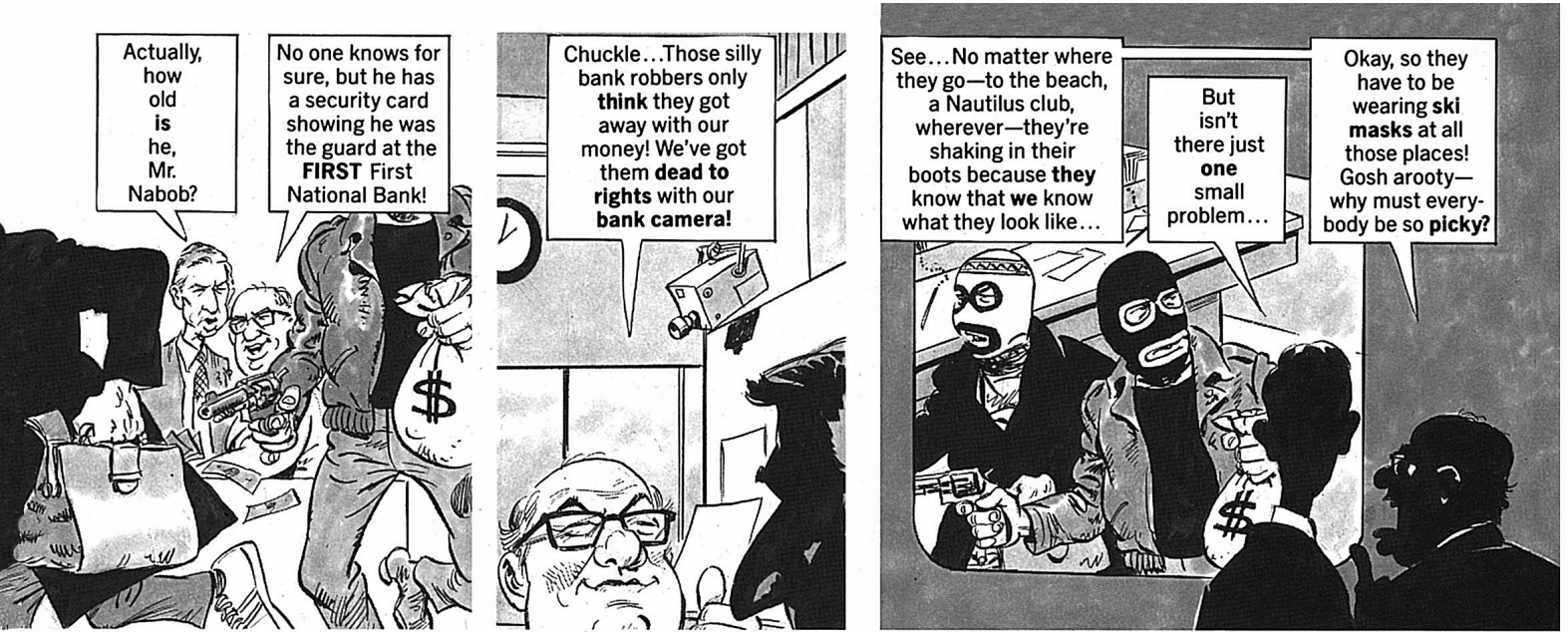
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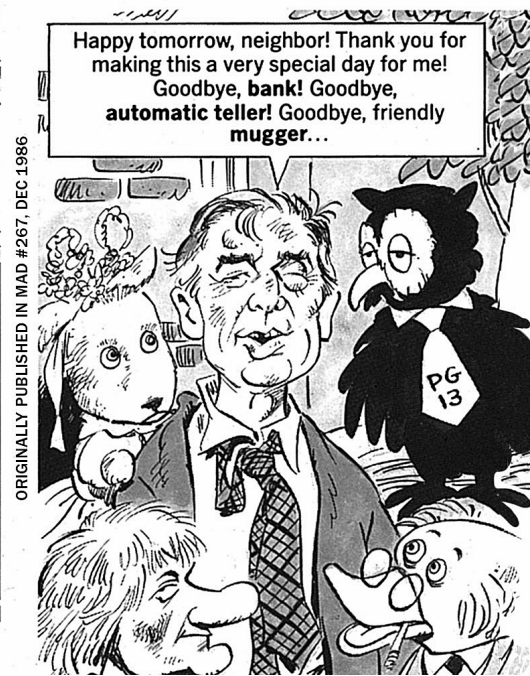
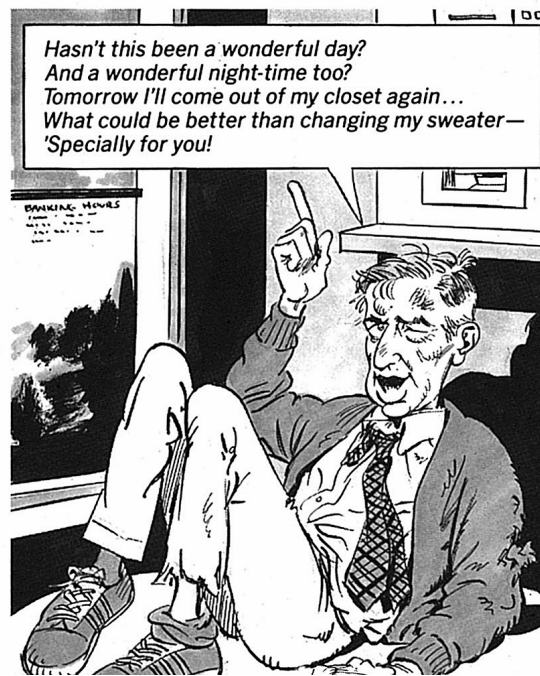
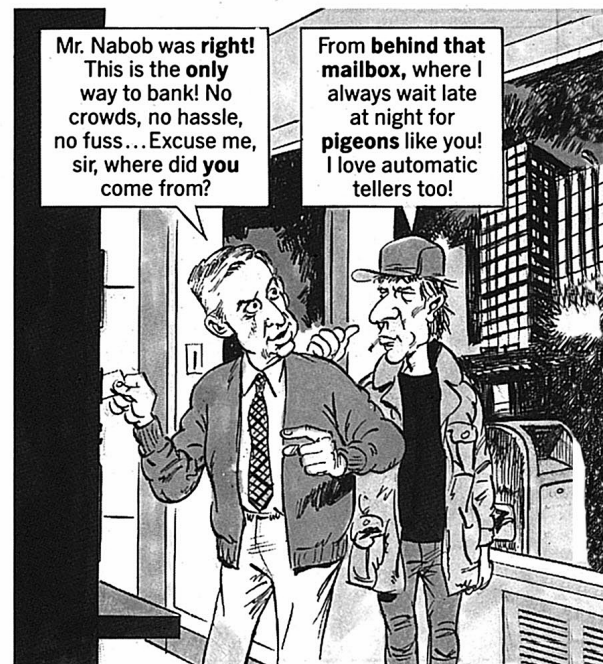
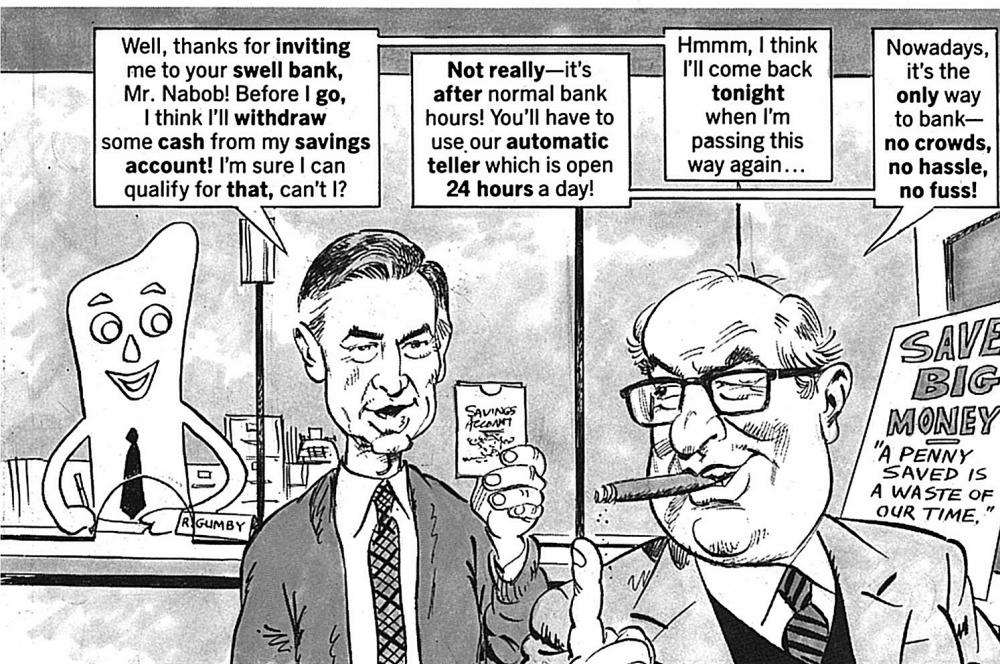
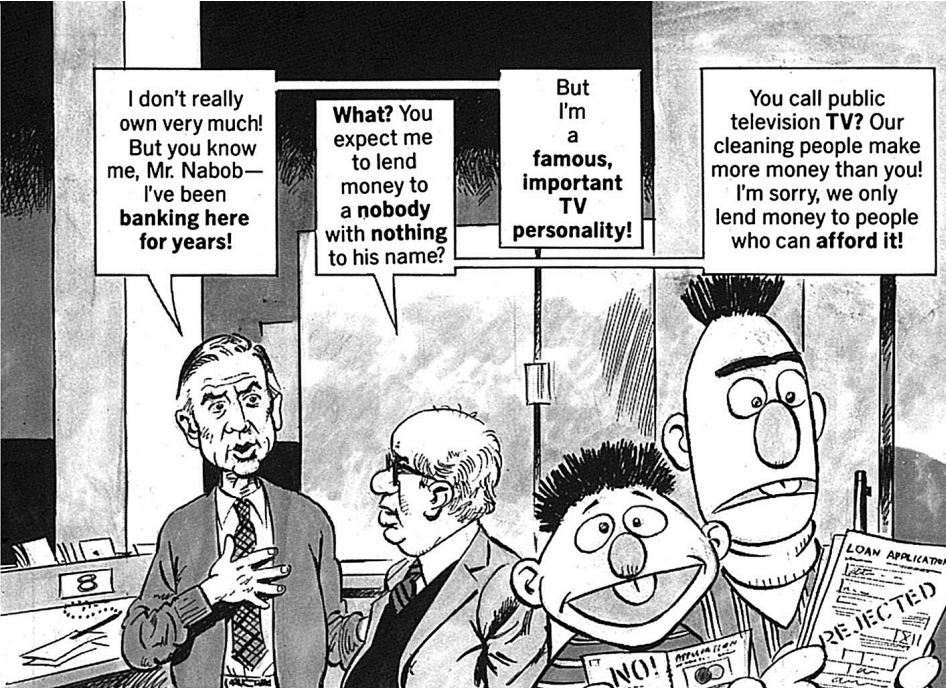
Joe Orlando



MR. JOLLY ROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD

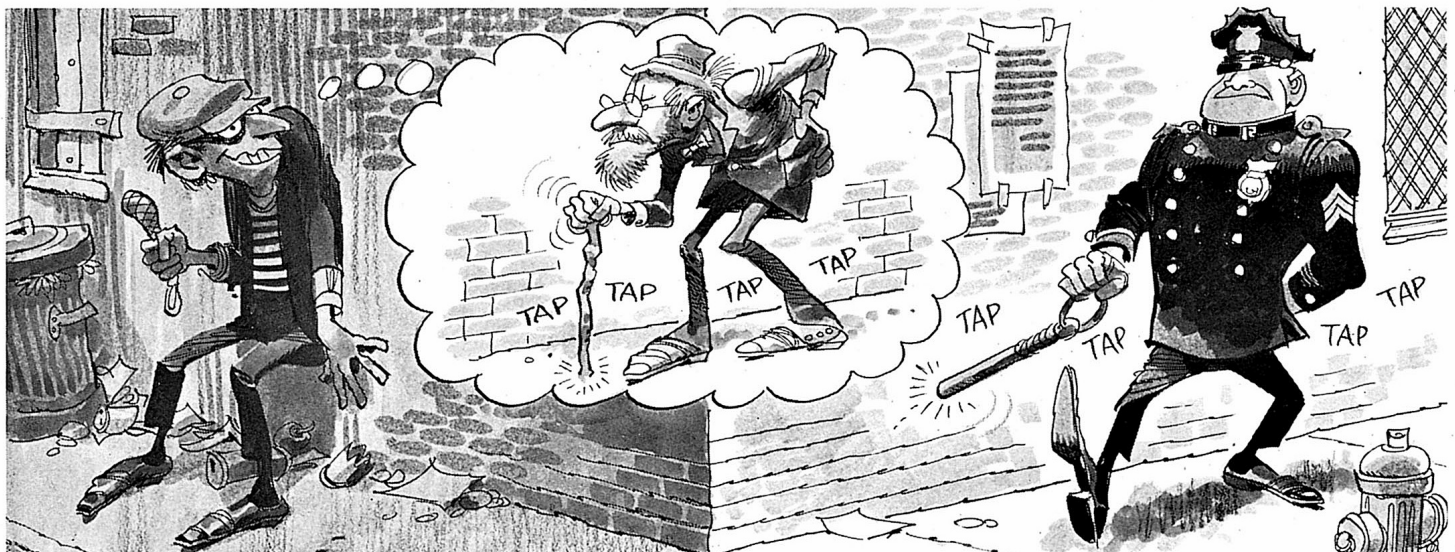
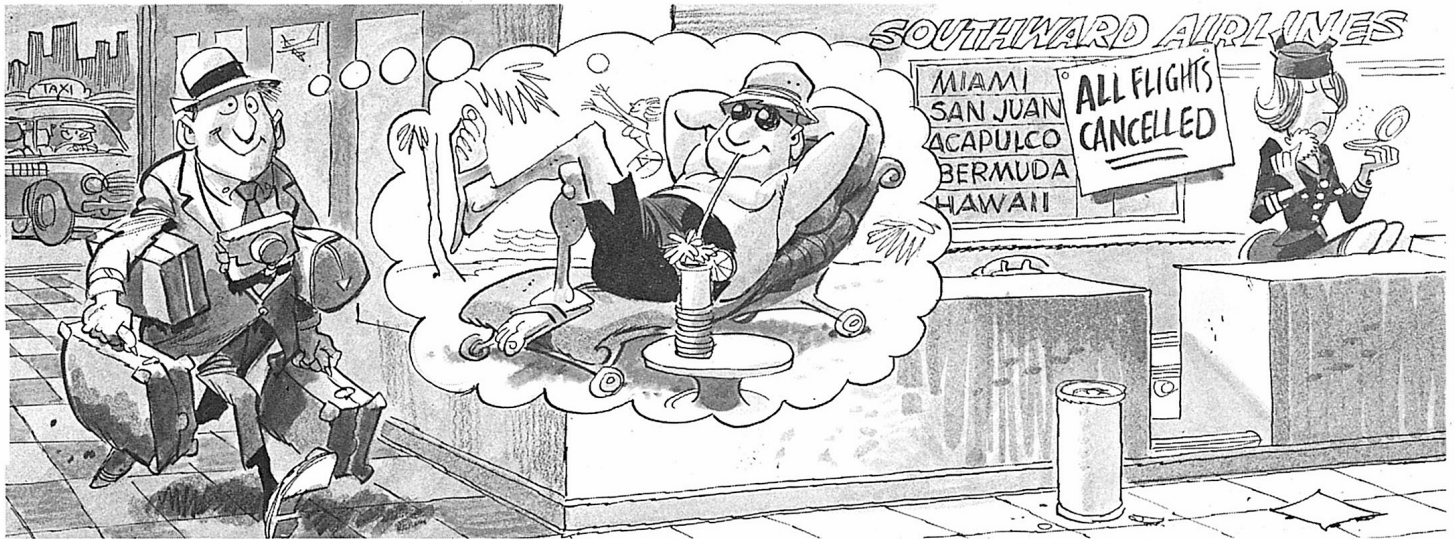








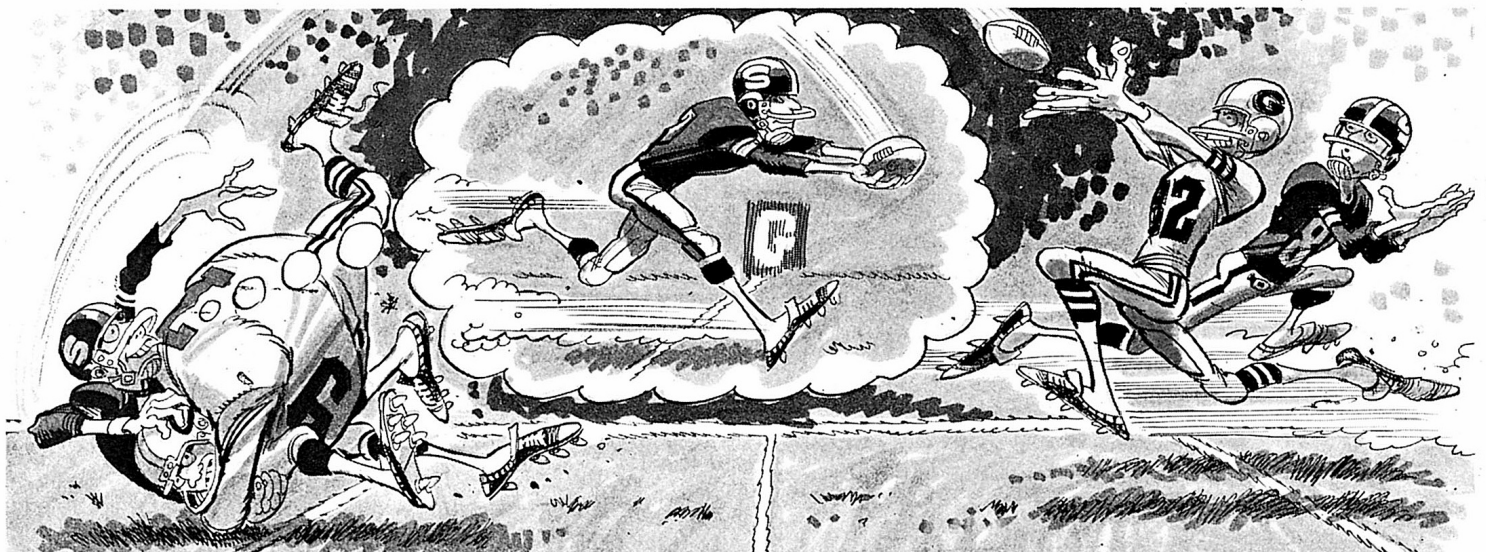
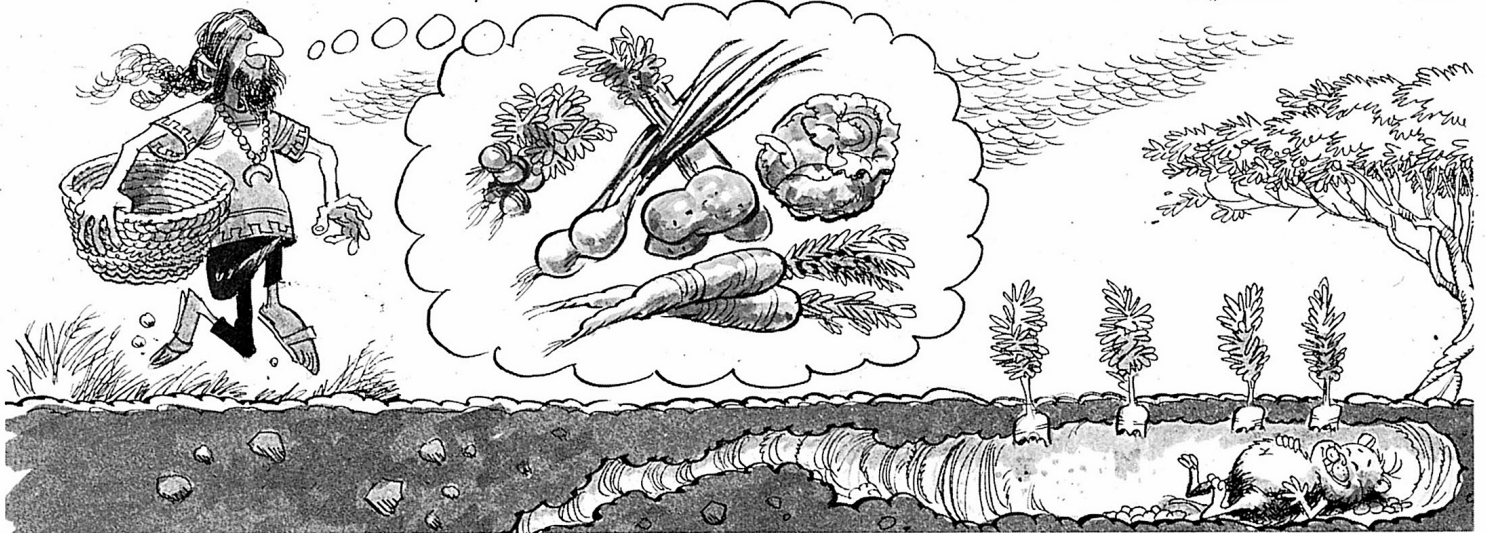
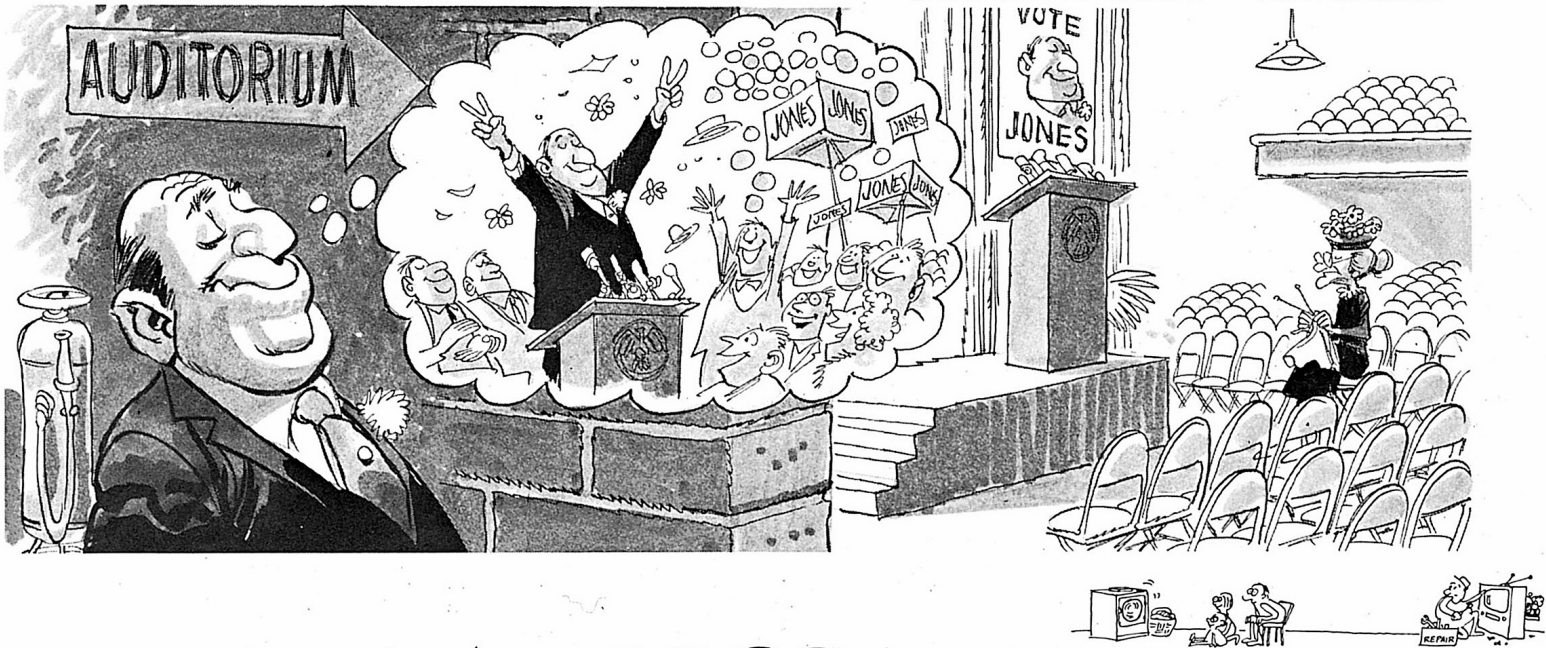
WISHFUL

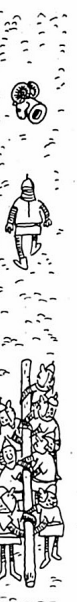
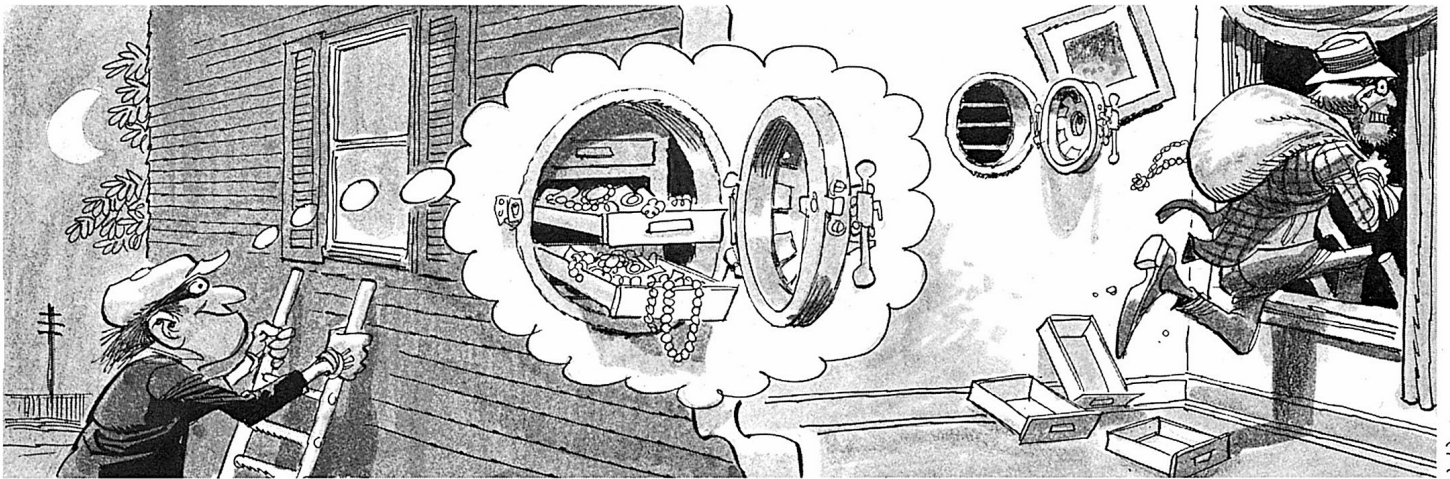
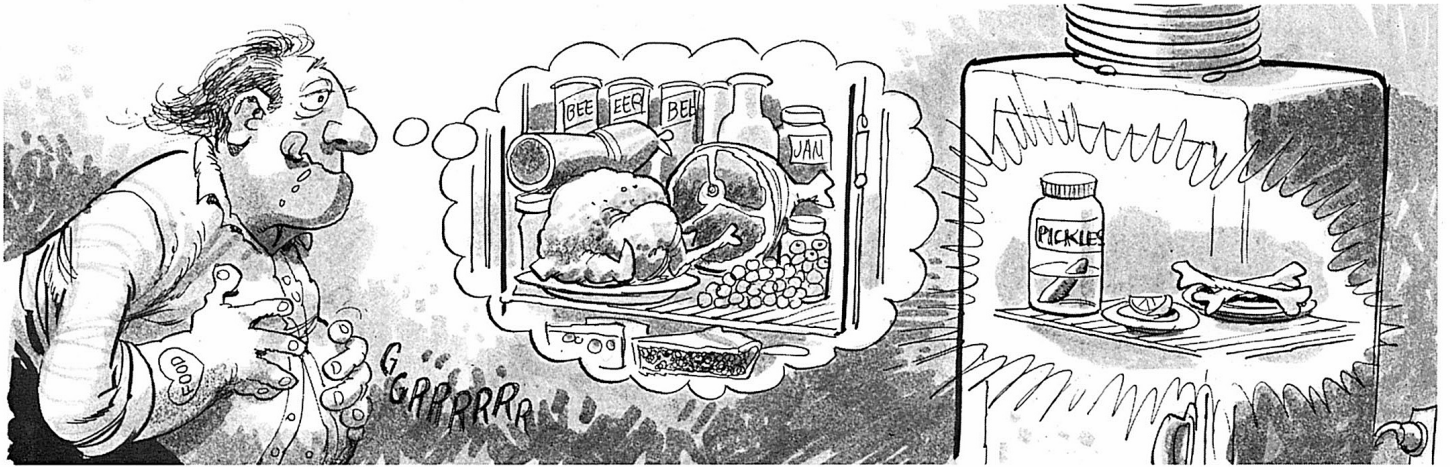
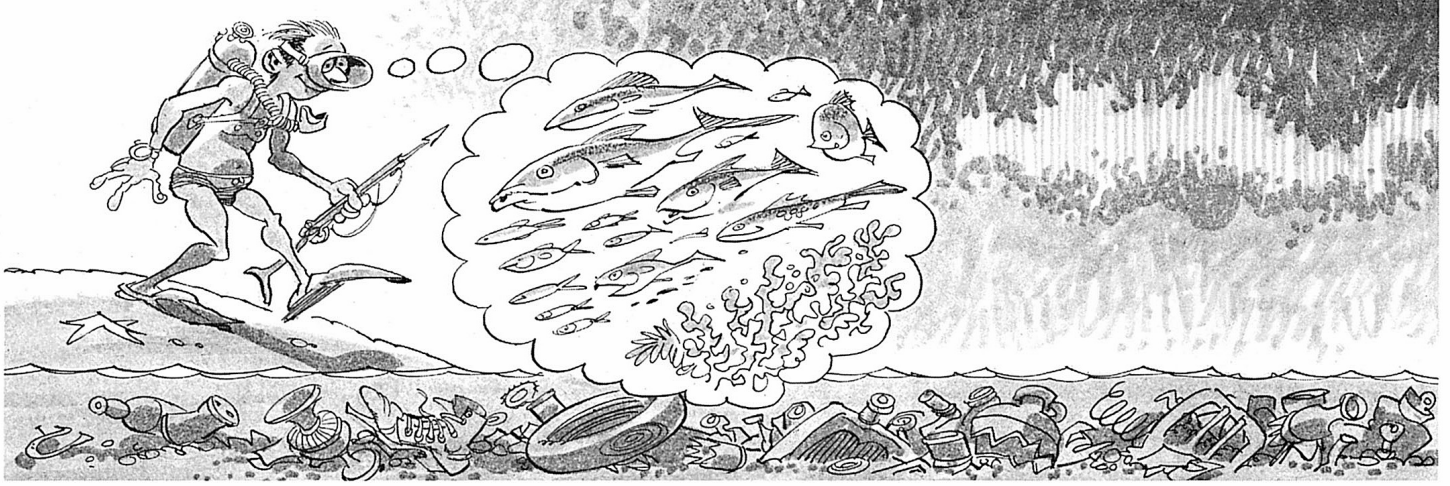


THINKING

WRITER PAUL PETER FORGES

ARTIST JACK DAVIS



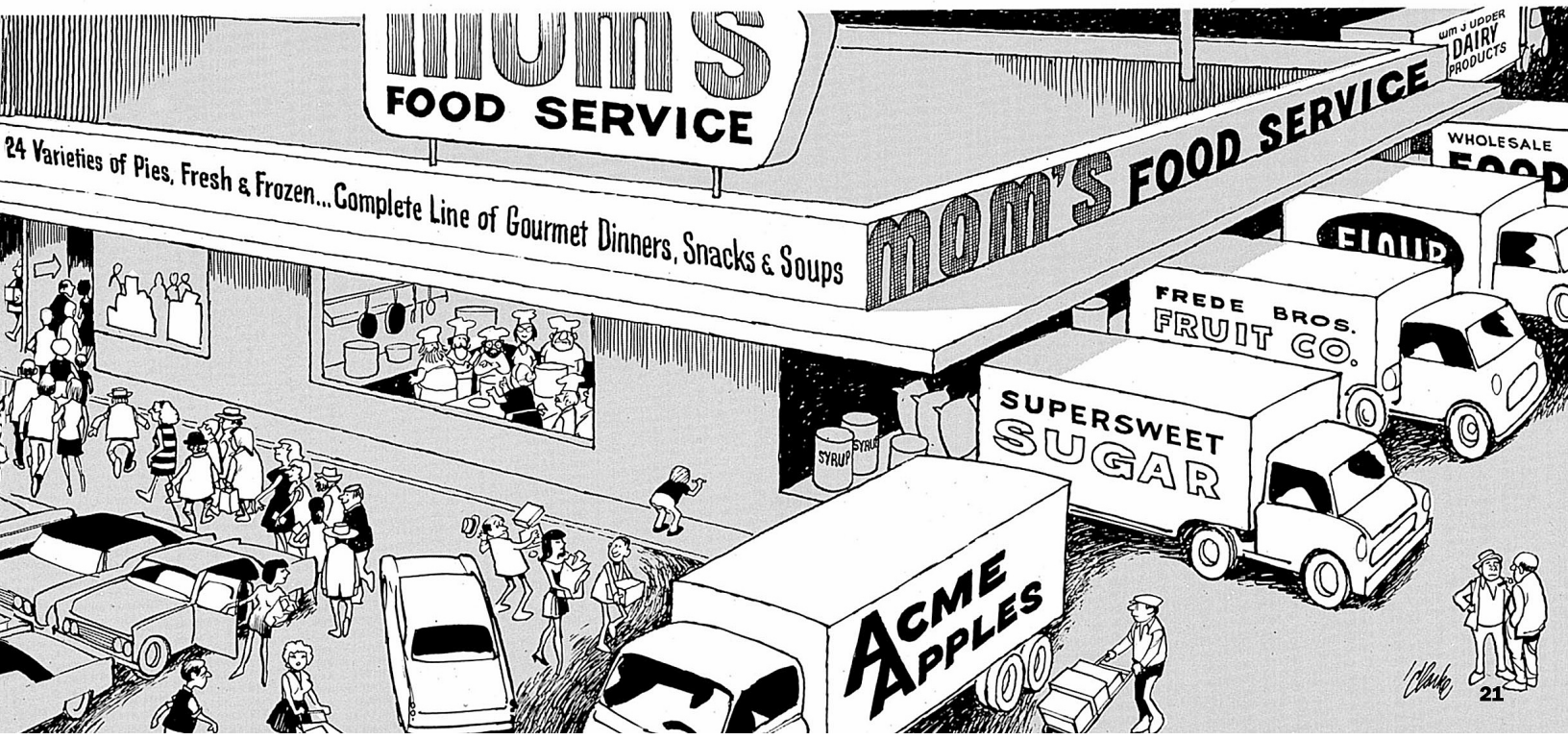
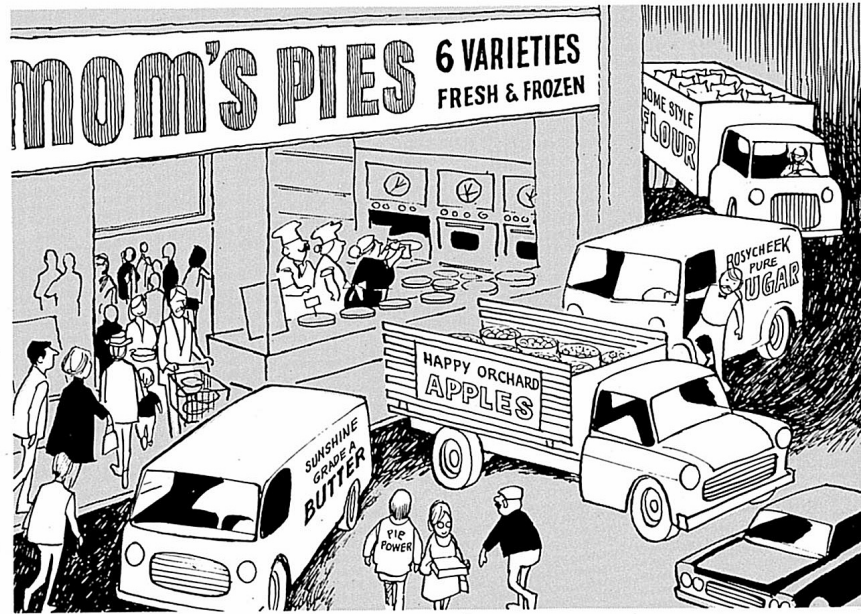
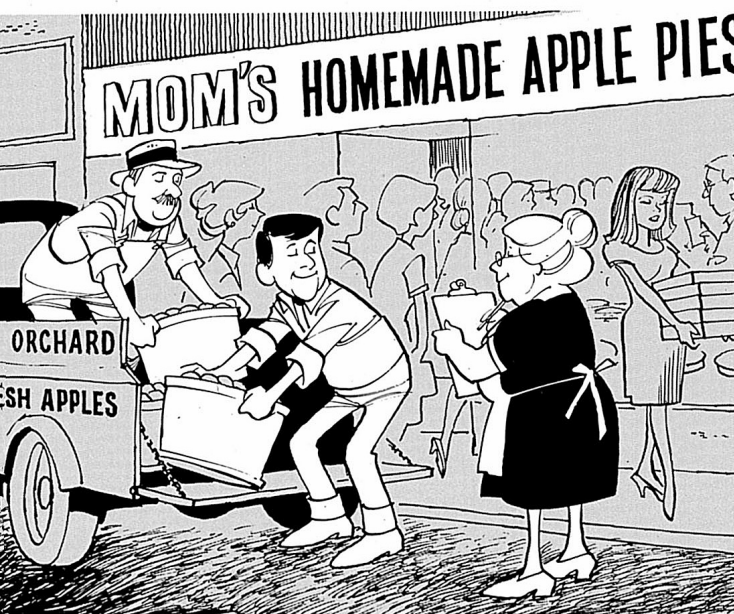
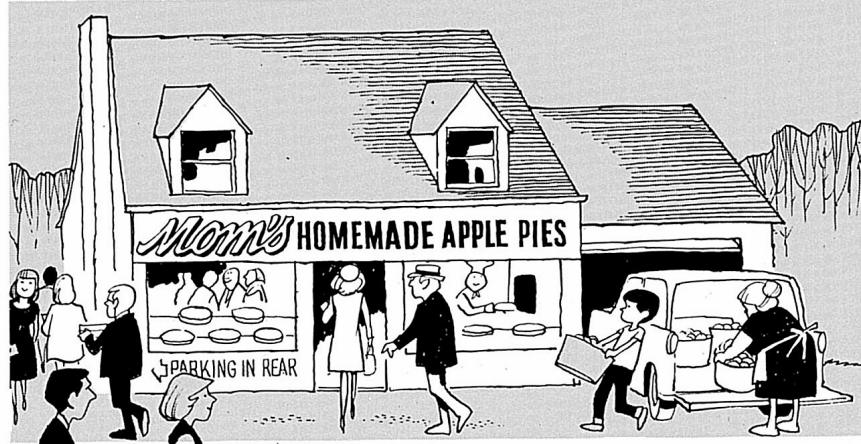
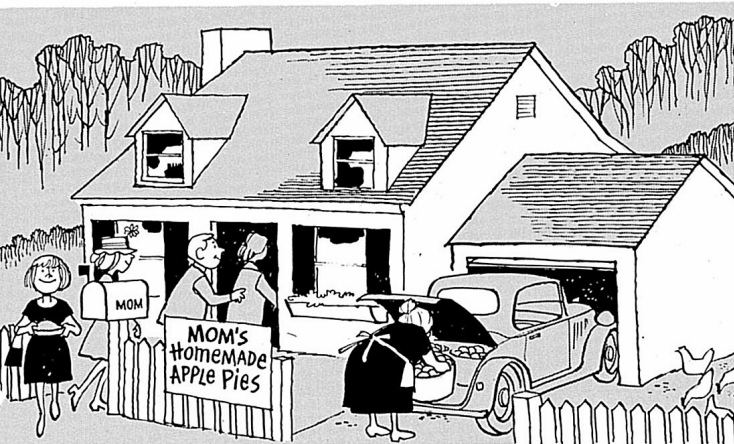


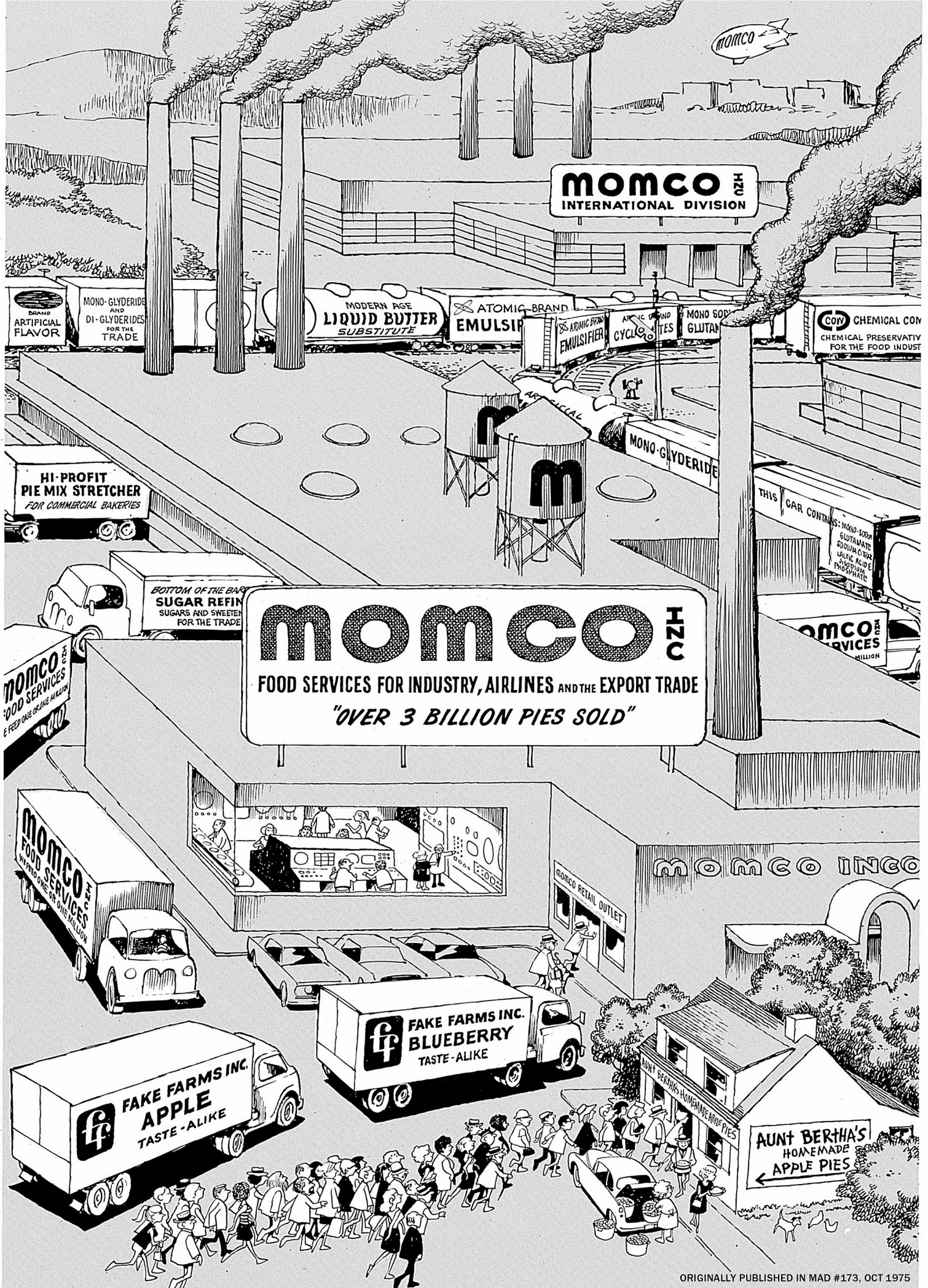


A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST BOB CLARKE





A SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

PHOTOGRAPHER
IRVING SCHILD

EXXON



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #290, OCT 1989

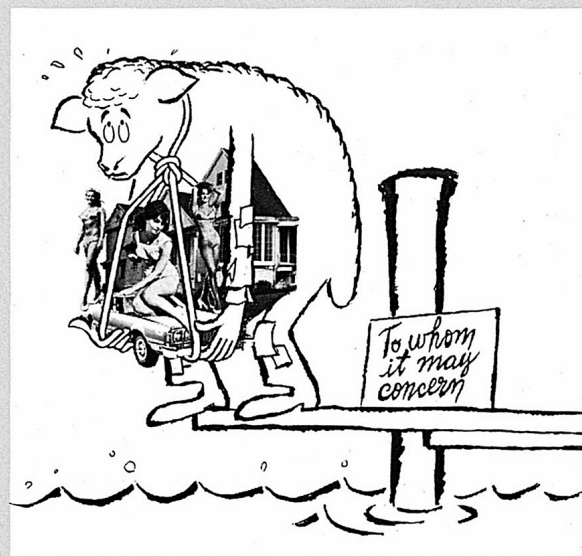
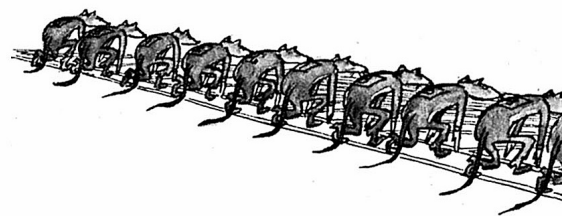
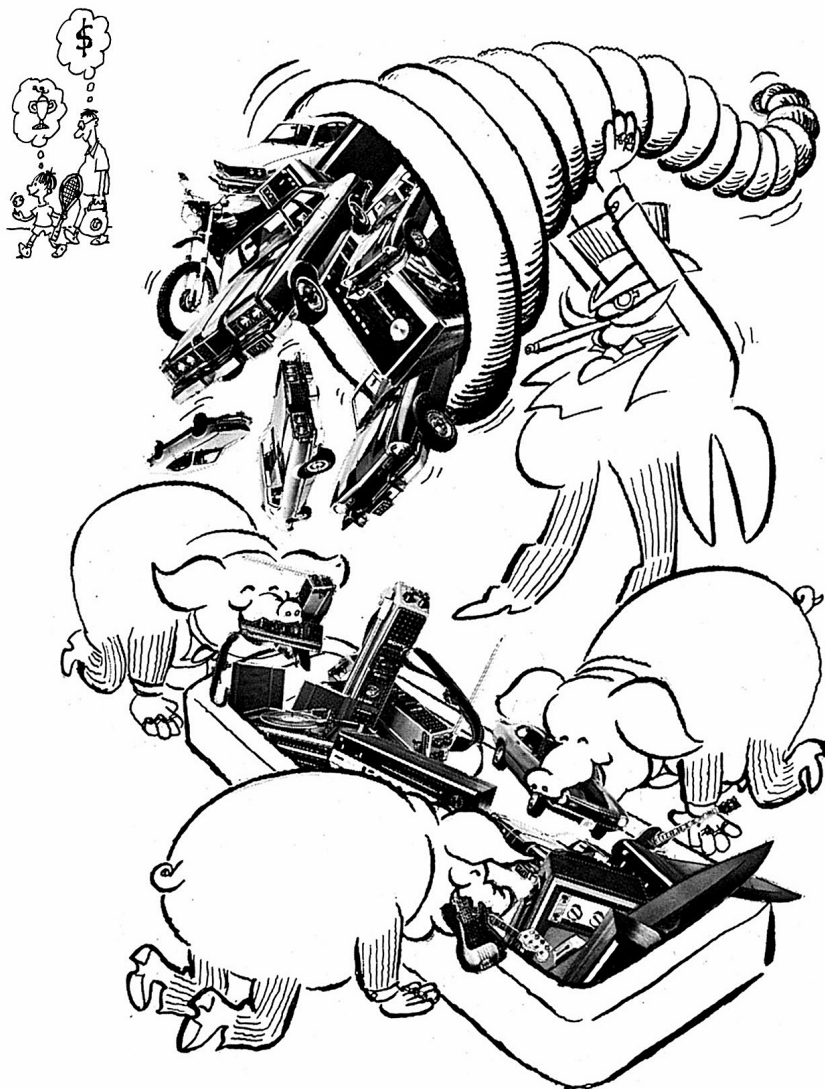
ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER



POSSESSION IS 9/10THS OF THE LURE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT OUR

WRITER & ARTIST **ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI**

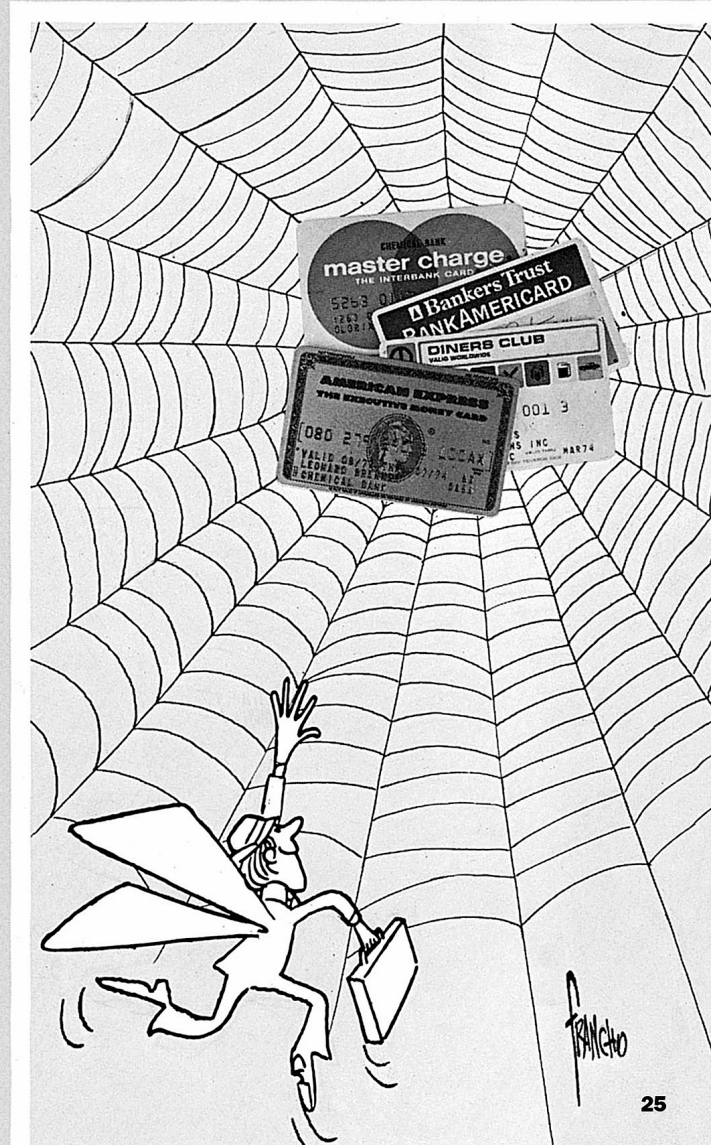
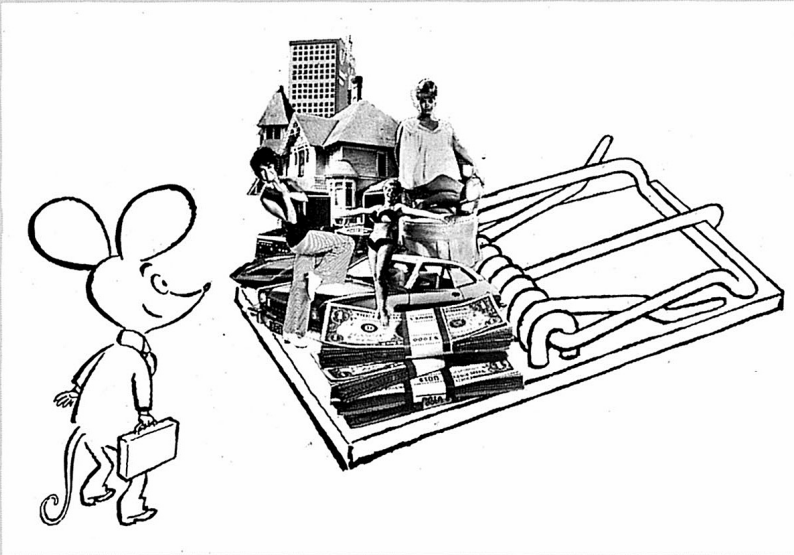


CONSUMER SOCIETY



PHOTO CREDITS: U.P.I., BETHLEHEM STEEL, FUJI CORP., SONY CORP., CHRYSLER MOTORS, FORD MOTOR CO., VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, R.C.A., HARLEY DAVIDSON INC.

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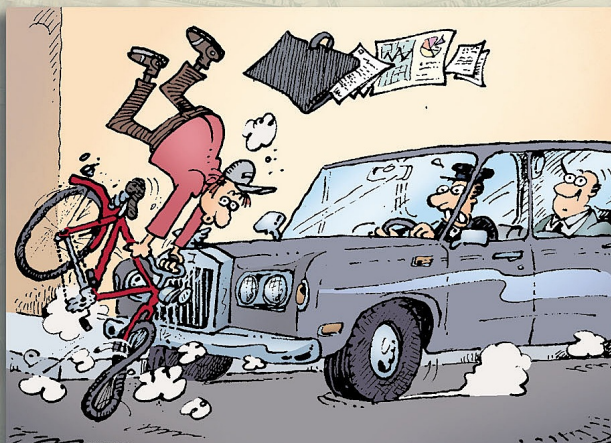
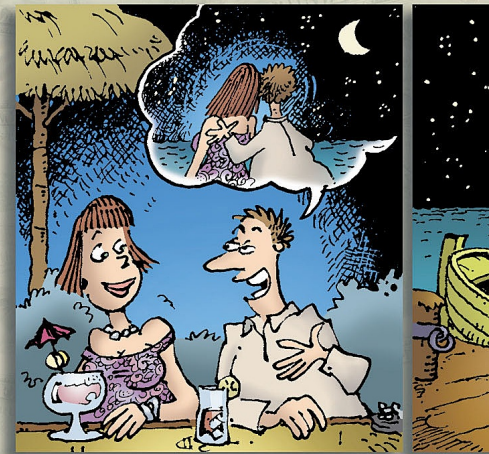
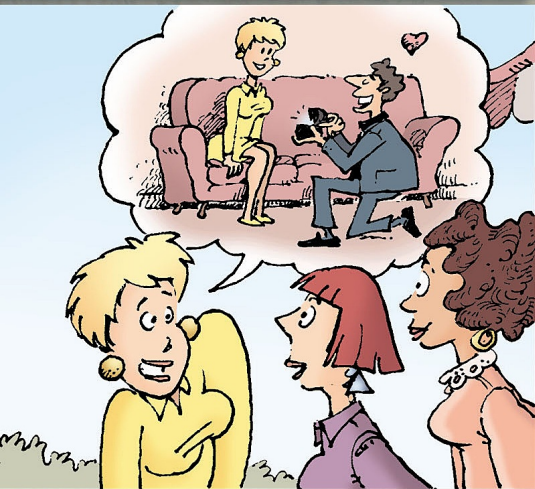
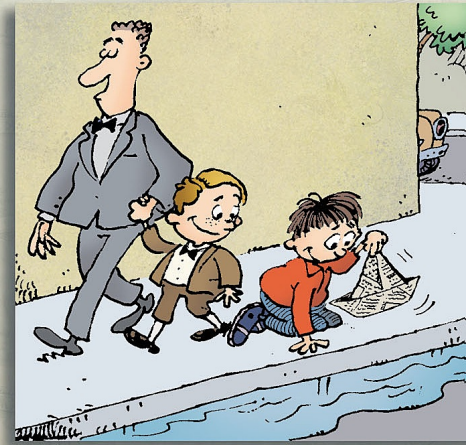
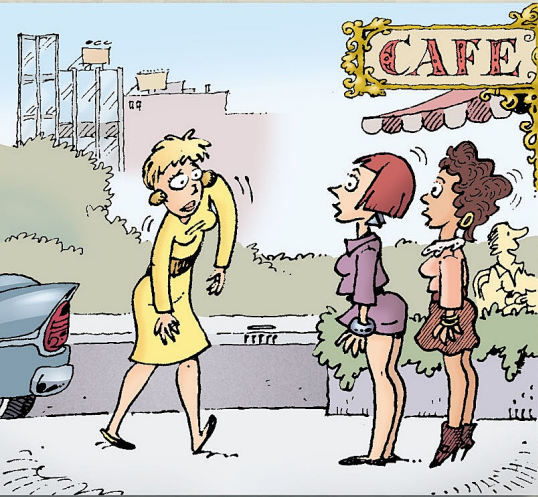




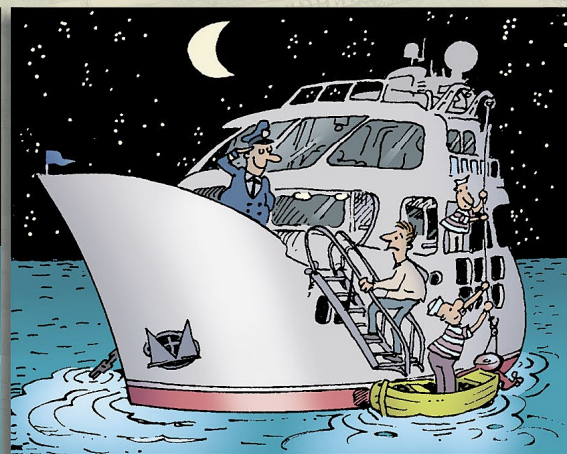
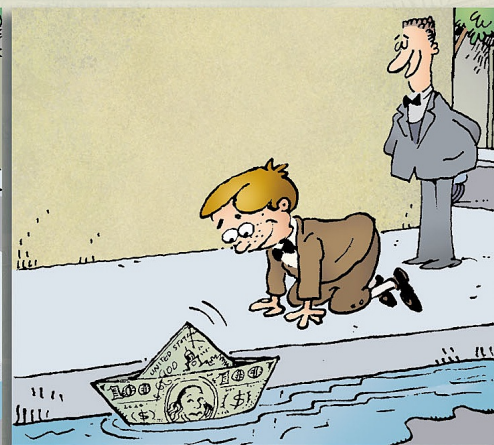
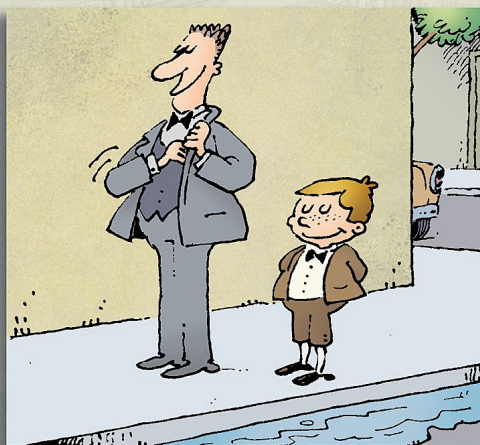
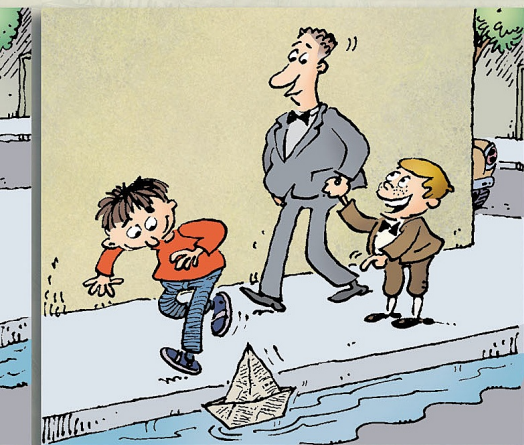
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

Sergio Aragones
Presents

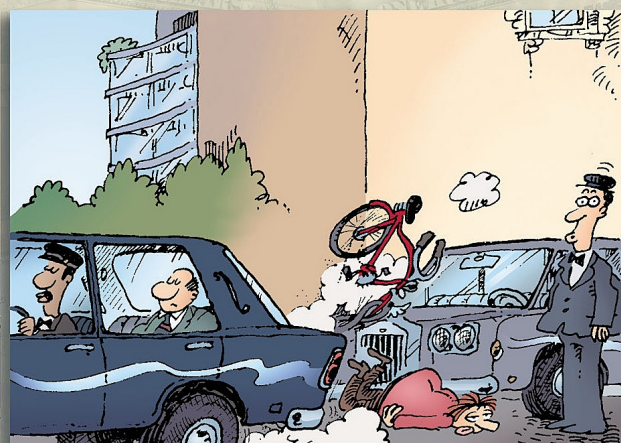
A MAD LOOK AT THE

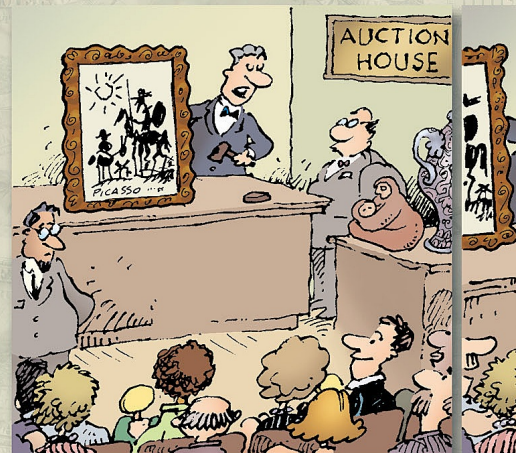
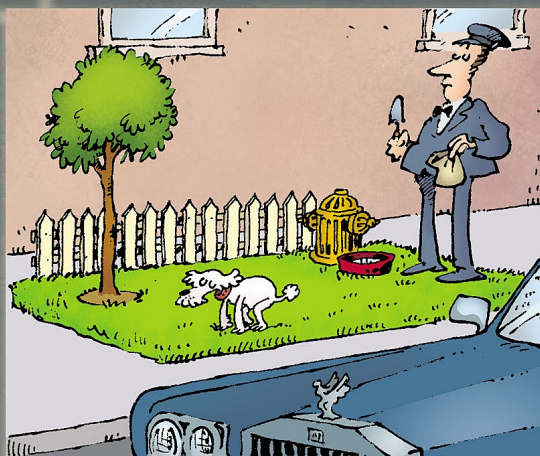
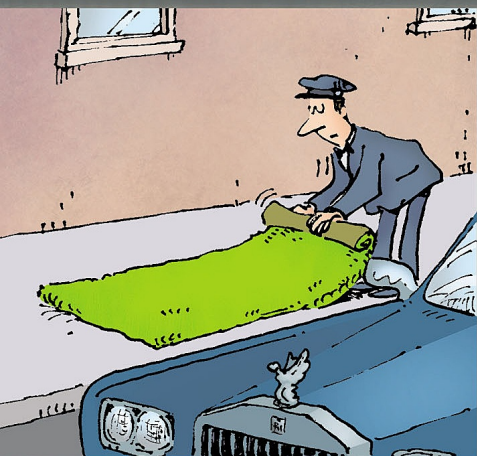
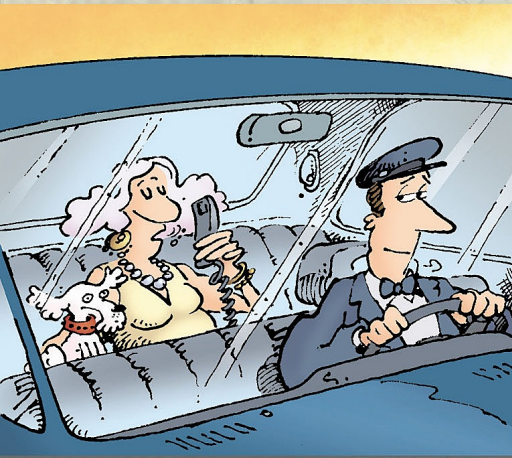
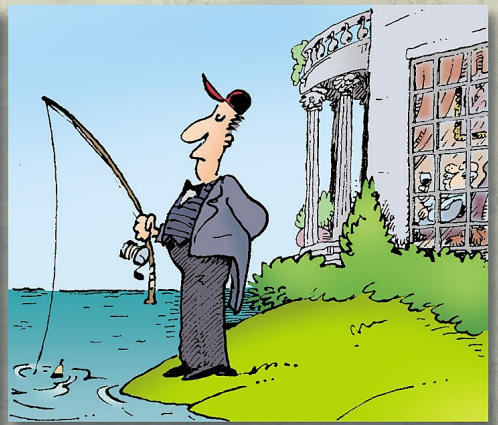
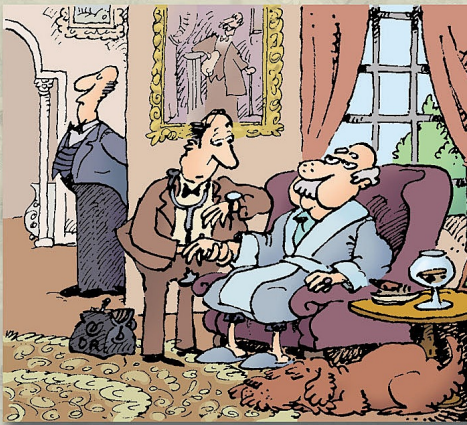


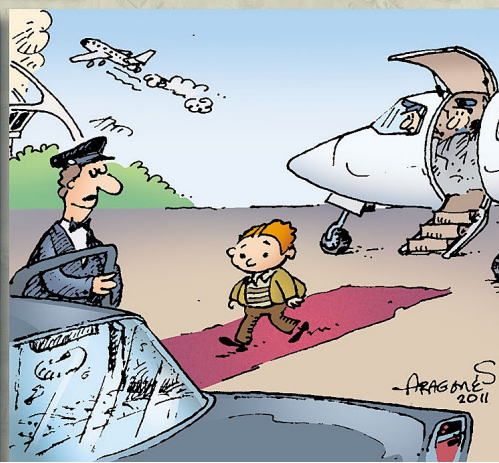
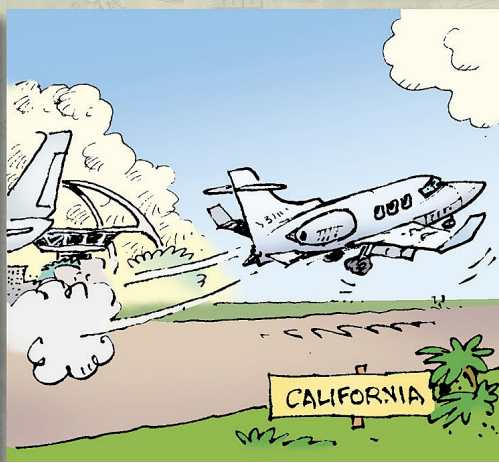
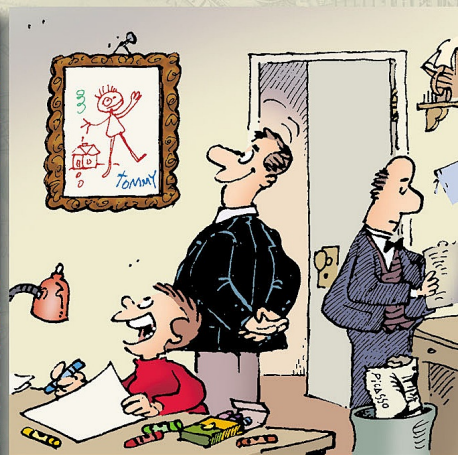
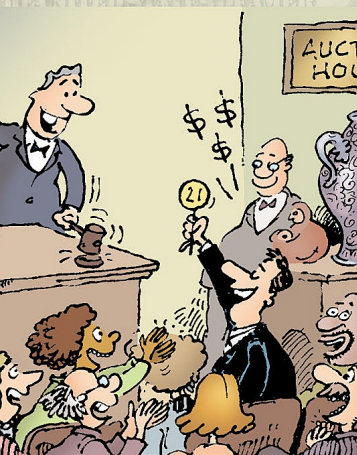
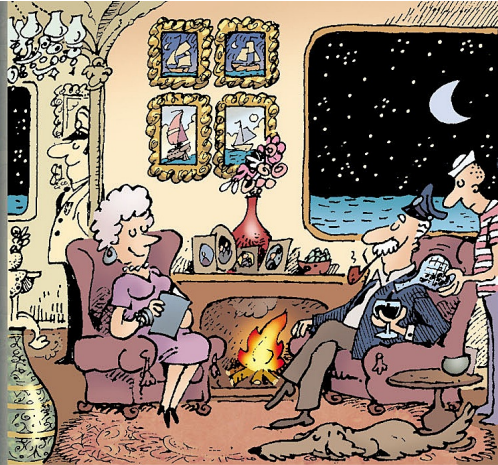
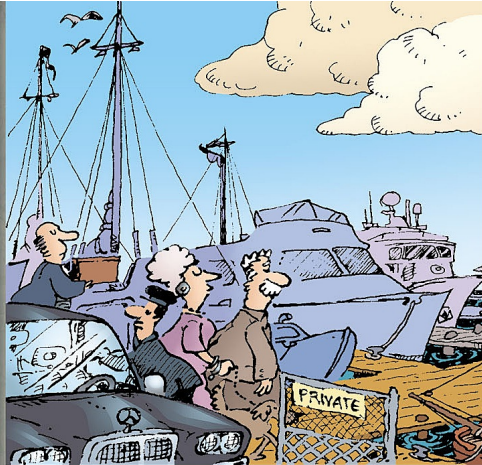
FILTHY RICH



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**









WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

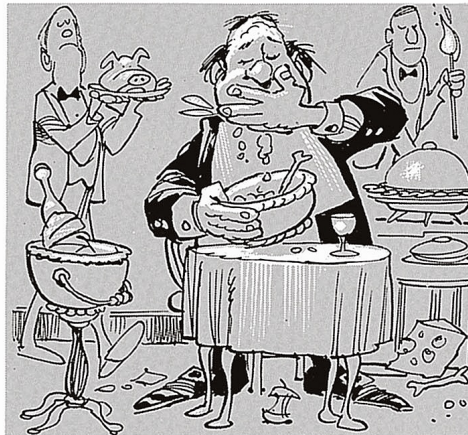
WRITER **FRANK JACOBS**

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



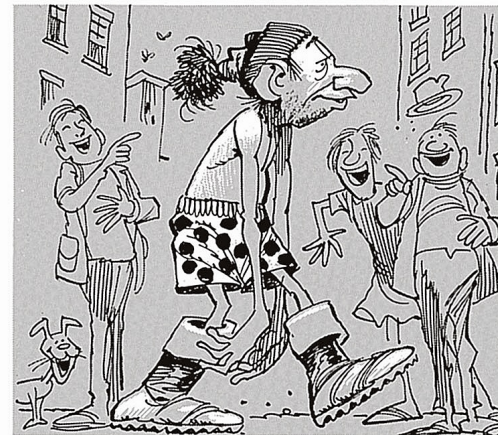
...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



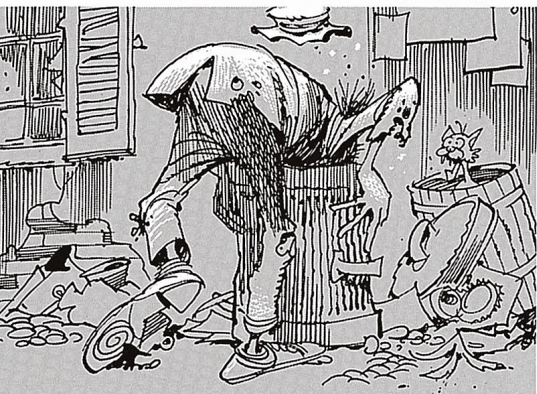
...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



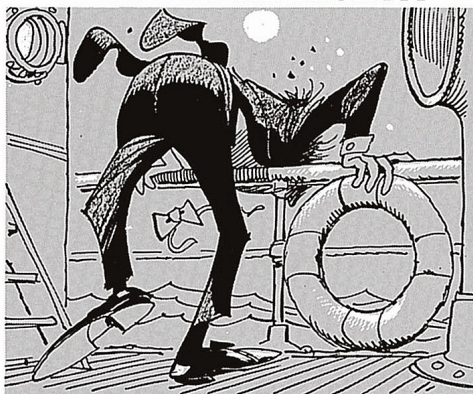
...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you
vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a
sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



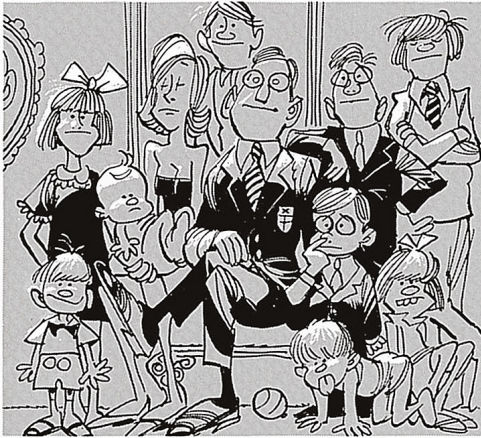
...you gamble away your
salary at the track.



ND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



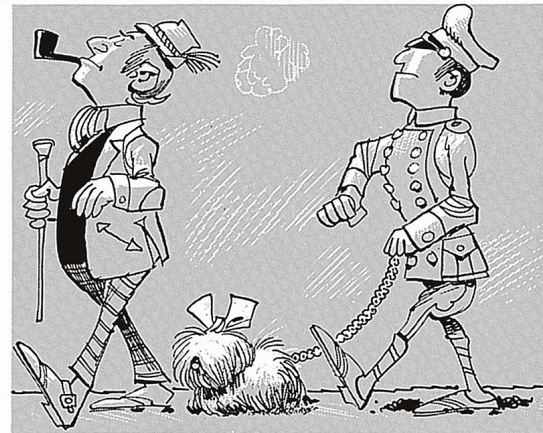
... you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



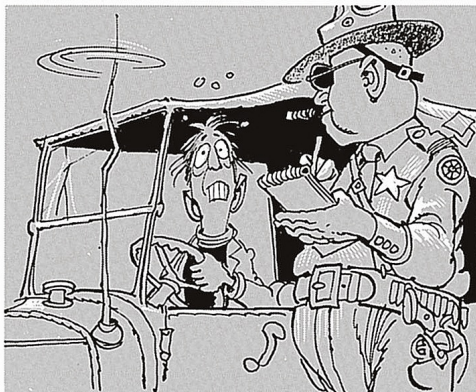
... you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

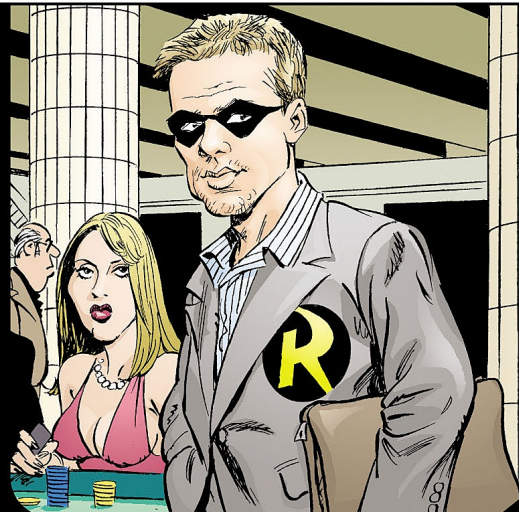


I'm George Clooney, aka Dante Lotion, the leader of the greatest band of robbers and con men ever assembled for a film that should **never** have been remade! There are **two** plans here! The **first** is to pull the **heist** of the century and rob the vault of the **Smellaglio**! That's a **breeze**! The **second** is looking like **cooler cats** than **Frank Sinatra**, **Dean Martin** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** We tank on that one! They were the **Rat Pack**! We're closer to the **Blah Bunch**! We're stiff, lifeless and devoid of personality! Meet the...

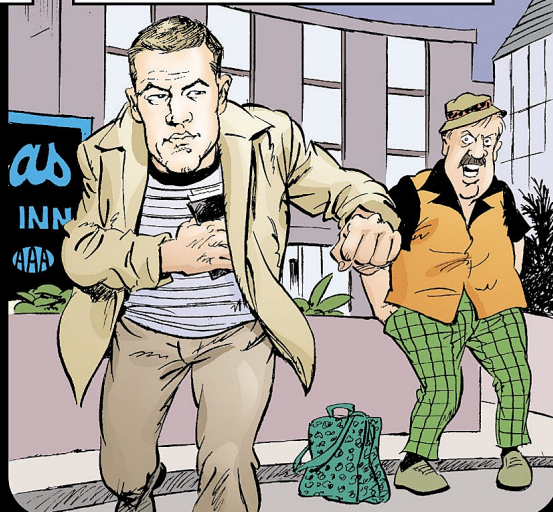


That's Brad Pitt, aka **Crusty Coolhand**! He's hustled casinos worldwide! He's my **right-hand man** and the **second coolest** guy in this film! He likes to say he's **Robin** to my **Batman**, but I don't like to be reminded about that movie! Not my best work!

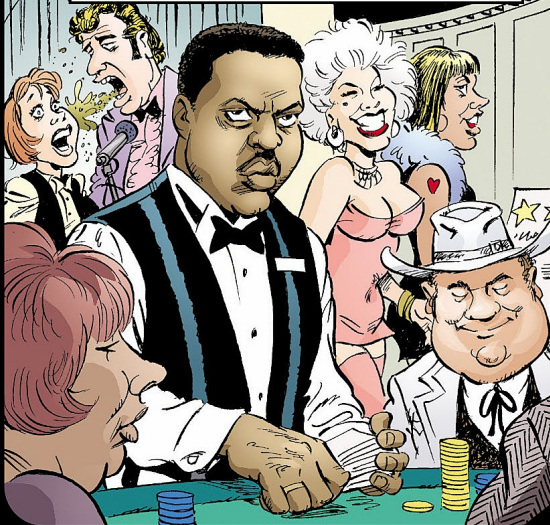
More people got **nauseous** watching that film than **The Perfect Storm**! Including me! That's what we do here on this film...**playful banter**! Lots of **tossed-off lines** that sound ad-libby but are **scripted**, of course! Hey, you know a film's in **trouble** when **Brad Pitt** is the **go-to comedy** guy!



Meet **Matt Damon**, aka **Listless Cartel**, aka "**The Kid**"! His specialty: **picking pockets**! Why do we need a **pickpocket** to rob a **Vegas vault**? We don't! We wanted **one more pretty boy** for **insurance**! Not for the **heist** — for the **box office**! Let's face it, they might as well call this film **The Invasion of the Damn Cute Guys**!



Next comes **Bernie Mac**, aka **Crank Brazen**! He's the "**inside man**"! His job: he can **deal cards** and **watch everything** that takes place on the **casino floor**! So far all he's seen are **hookers**, **fat tourists** and a **drunk lounge singer** **throwing up** on a **Keno waitress**! Ah, there's **nothing** like the **glamour** and **glitz** of **Las Vegas**!



Next comes **Eddie Jemison**, aka **Livingston Dull**, aka "**The Geek**"! **Livingston** is the **nervous surveillance expert**! He's a specialist in **electronics**, **computers** and **wiring**! His job is A) to help **pull off the heist** and B) afterwards, to **hook everybody** in the group up with **illegal cable**!



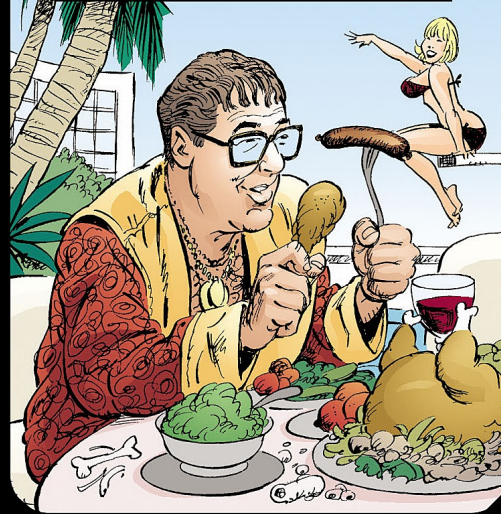
Tones

MOTIONS ELEVEN

That's **Don Cheadle**, aka **Trashar Barr**! He's our demolitions expert! TNT, plastiques, wireless exploding devices are his specialty! He can blow up **anything**! If I were him, my first job would be to attach a **pipe bomb** to the acting coach who taught him the cockamamie cockney accent he uses throughout this film! I warn you, you're **not** going to understand **one word** he says! Hell, I don't either!



Over there is **Elliot Gould**, aka **Ruby Mishigoss**! There goes our hip factor! Elliot plays the film's money man! He bankrolls our operation! This heist is dangerous, but he likes the action! Hell, he's used to long shots! He was once married to **Barbra Streisand**! Yeesh! Talk about bad odds!



That other old geezer is **Carl Reiner**, aka **Sol Gloom**! Early in his career Carl worked with **Sid Caesar**, **Mel Brooks**, **Neil Simon** and **Larry Gelbart**, the funniest group ever assembled! They had him laughing all the time! Carl says hanging around with this group is a nice change!



I now bow to **Shaobo Qui**, aka "**The Amazing Yawn**," an acrobat who can fit into small spaces! During the heist he folds his body in half and gets into the tiniest places! Incidentally, there is also a **huge hole** I can dive into! It's called the **plot**! There's enough room there for me, **Yawn** and every voter whose ballot wasn't counted in Florida!



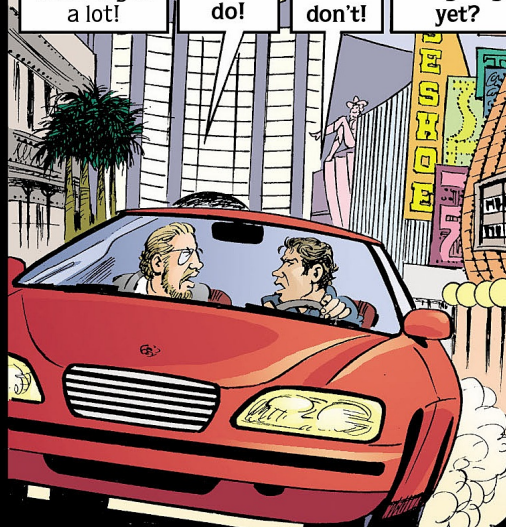
These next two are **Scott Caan** and **Casey "Yes, Ben's my brother" Affleck**! They're the zany truck and car guys, **Turk** and **Virgil Malloy**! In this film they basically drive cars around and argue! Let's listen in...

No, we don't argue a lot!

Yes, we do!

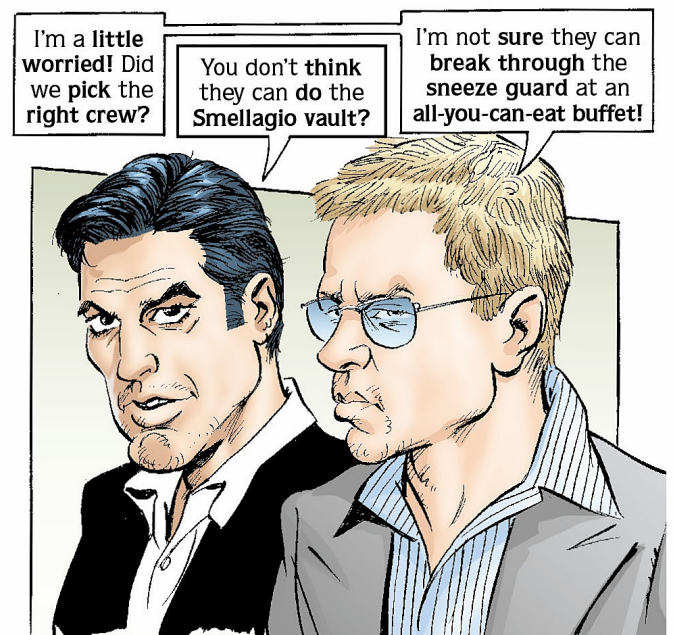
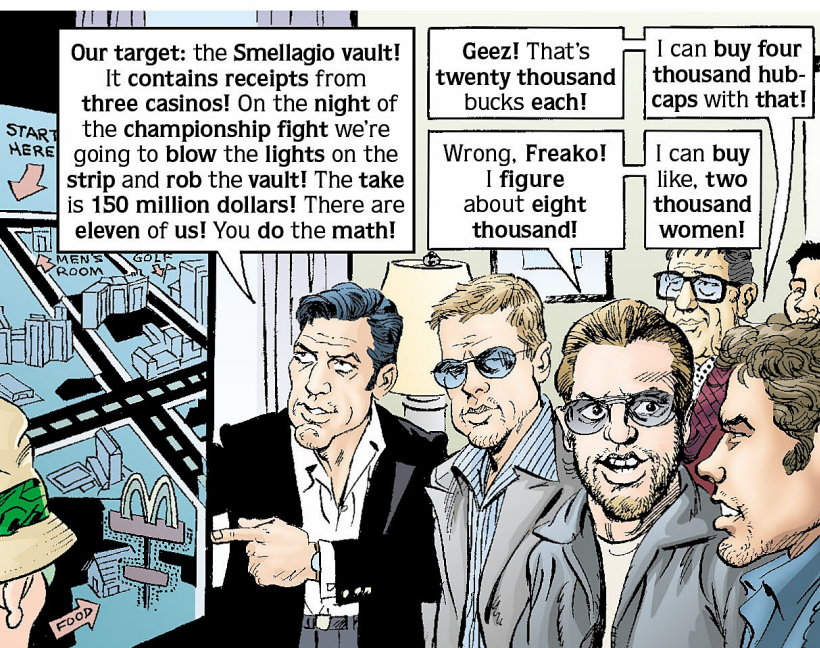
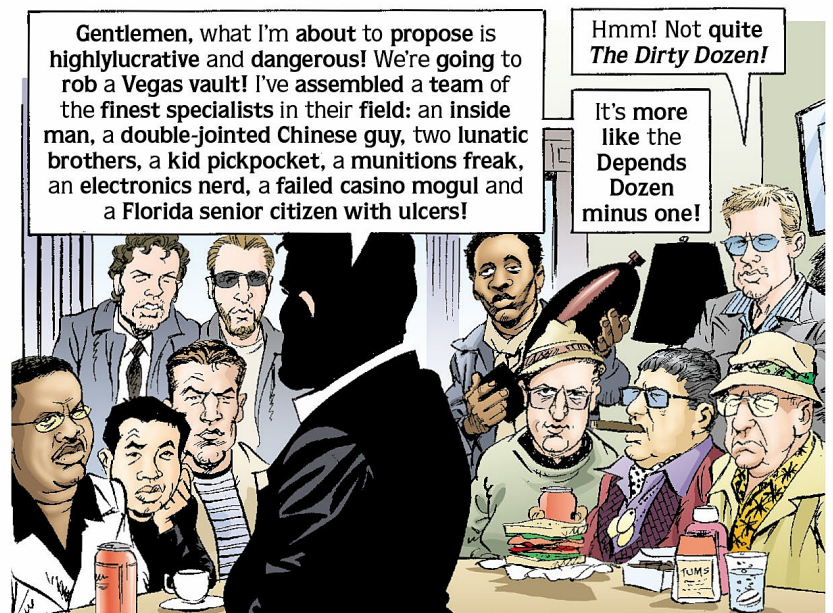
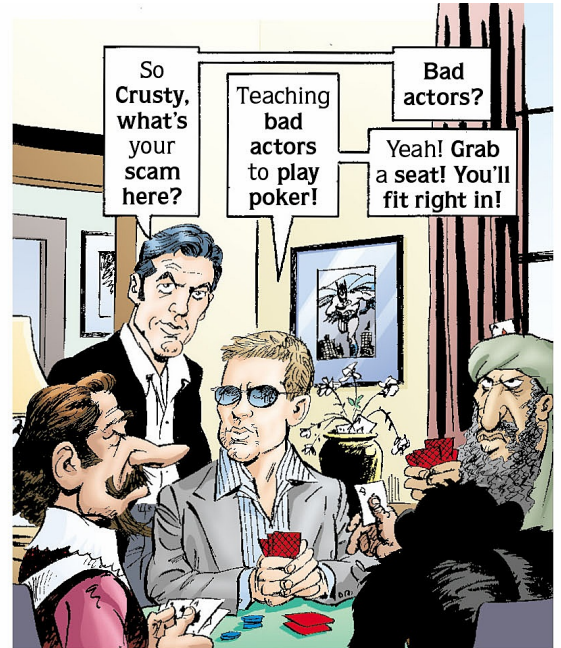
No, we don't!

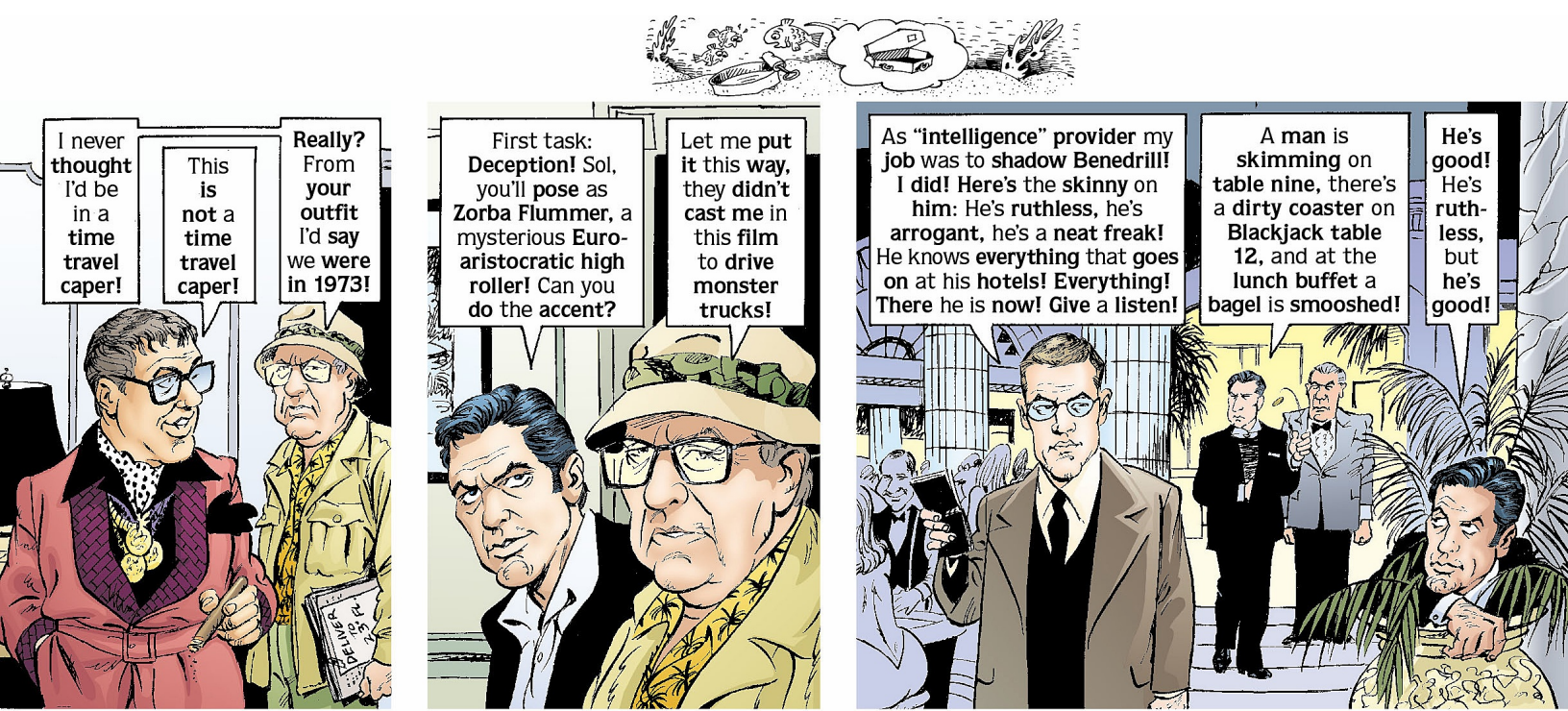
Are you laughing yet?



Later on you'll meet **Andy Garcia**, aka **Testy Benedrilli**! He's the second most powerful man in Vegas after **Siegfried and Roy**! He's also dating **Julia Roberts**, aka my former wife, **Tush**! Julia's the fifth prettiest person in the film. Thank goodness **Gould** and **Reiner** aren't hunks or I think she would have bolted this movie completely!







I never thought I'd be in a time travel caper!

This is not a time travel caper!

Really? From your outfit I'd say we were in 1973!

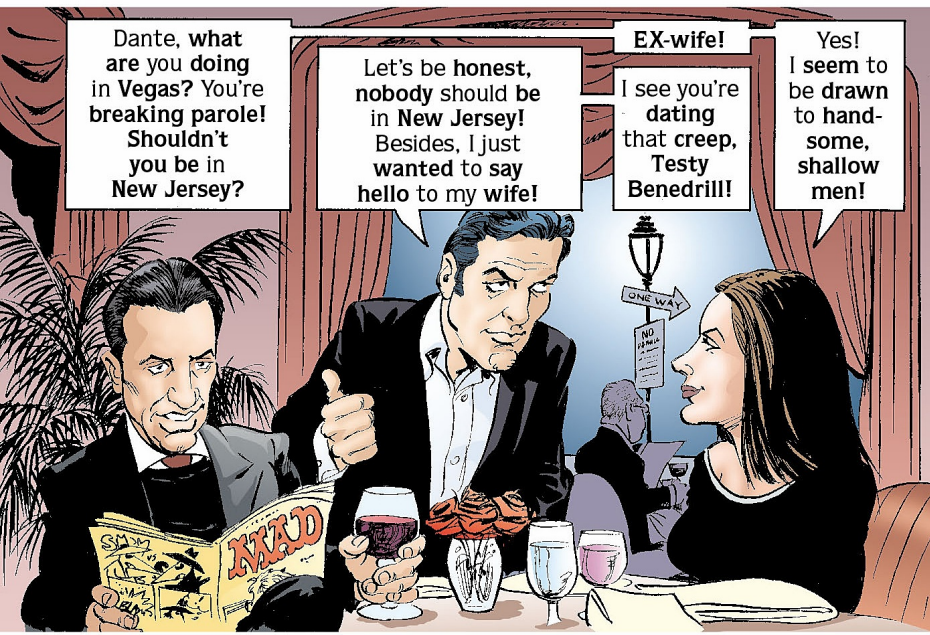
First task: Deception! Sol, you'll pose as Zorba Flummer, a mysterious Euro-aristocratic high roller! Can you do the accent?

Let me put it this way, they didn't cast me in this film to drive monster trucks!

As "intelligence" provider my job was to shadow Benedrill! I did! Here's the skinny on him: He's ruthless, he's arrogant, he's a neat freak! He knows everything that goes on at his hotels! Everything! There he is now! Give a listen!

A man is skimming on table nine, there's a dirty coaster on Blackjack table 12, and at the lunch buffet a bagel is smooshed!

He's good! He's ruthless, but he's good!



Dante, what are you doing in Vegas? You're breaking parole! Shouldn't you be in New Jersey?

Let's be honest, nobody should be in New Jersey! Besides, I just wanted to say hello to my wife!

EX-wife! I see you're dating that creep, Testy Benedrill!

Yes! I seem to be drawn to handsome, shallow men!

So how come we got a divorce?

Remember? Two great looking people with strong egos? It was a constant battle over the mirror! You couldn't even share it with me!

With your lips, there wasn't room for the two of us at the same time!



There goes the old Mowgreenio!

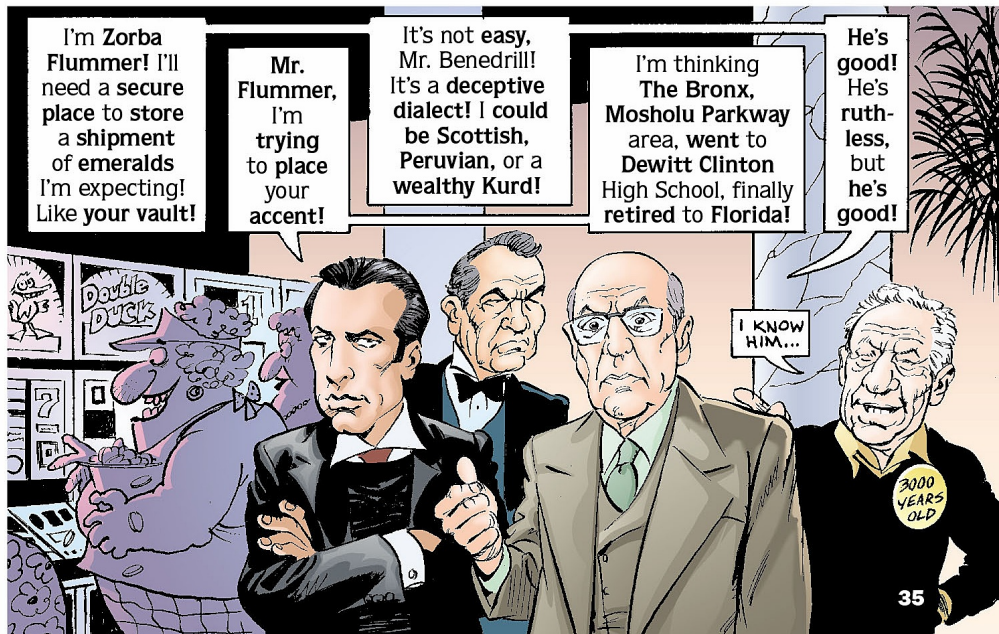
Why? Lots of people demolish old hotels!

There was also a lounge singer inside!

You're a cruel, brutal man, Testy Benedrill!

Not when there's still a housekeeping staff inside!

Good call!



I'm Zorba Flummer! I'll need a secure place to store a shipment of emeralds I'm expecting! Like your vault!

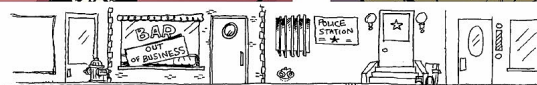
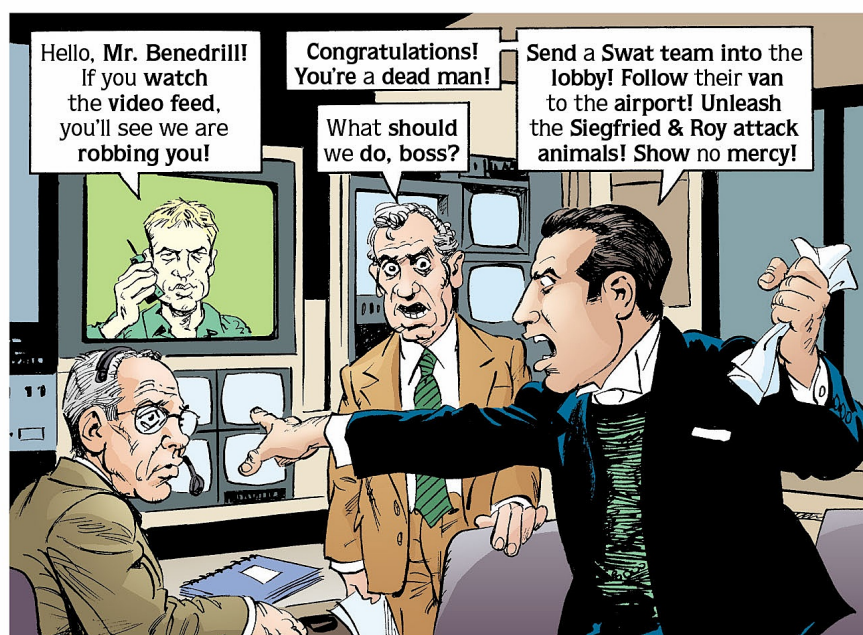
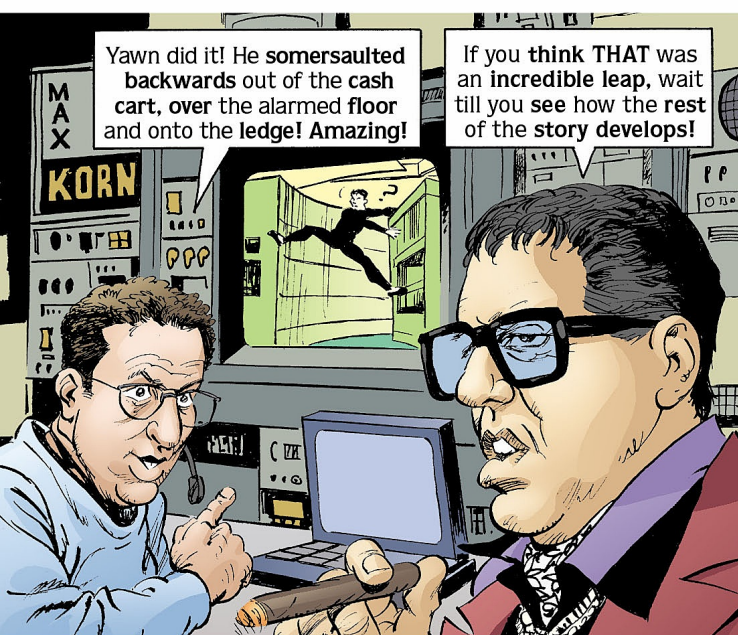
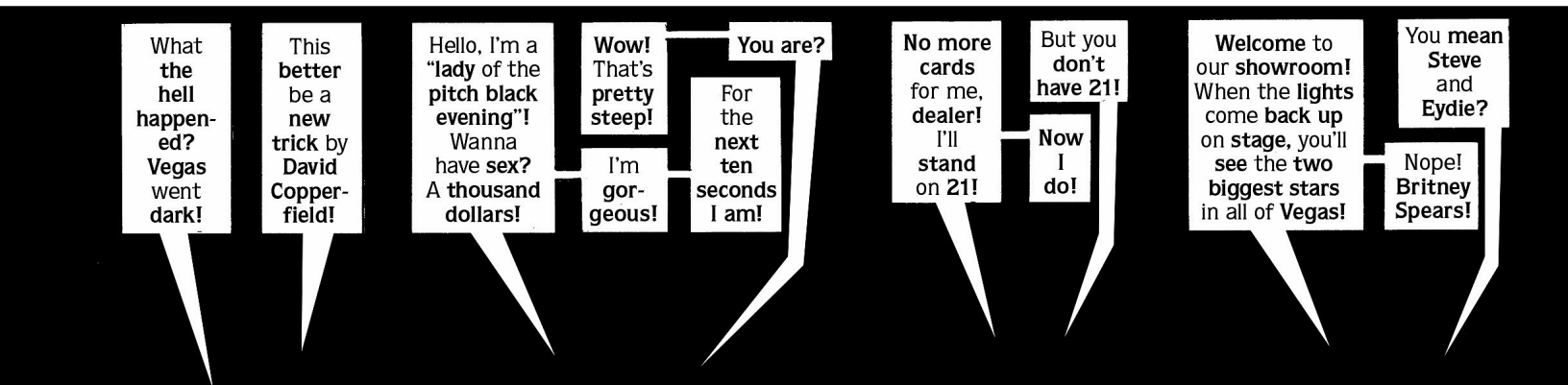
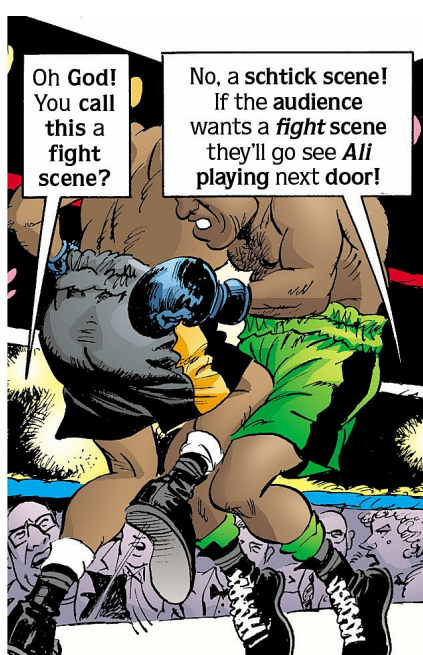
Mr. Flummer, I'm trying to place your accent!

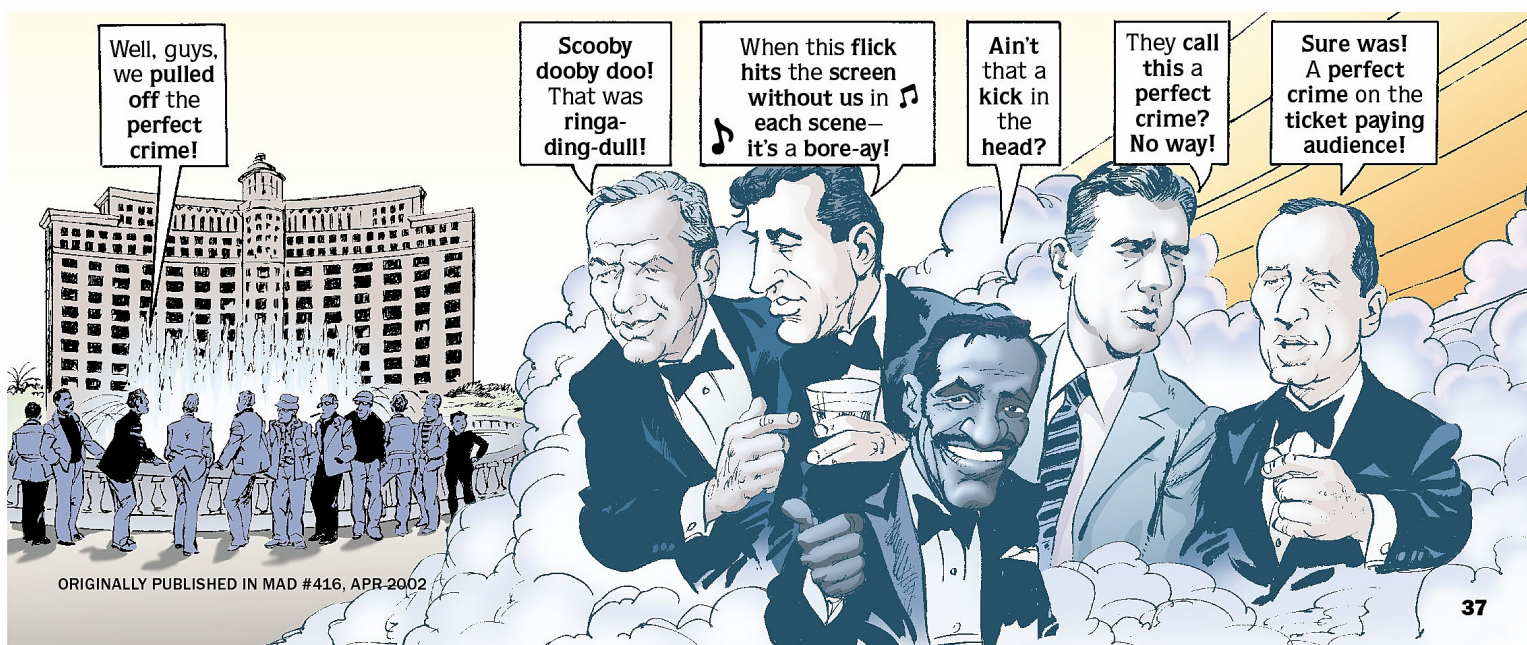
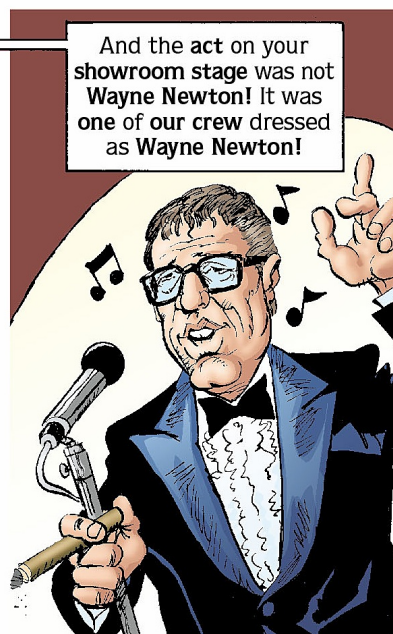
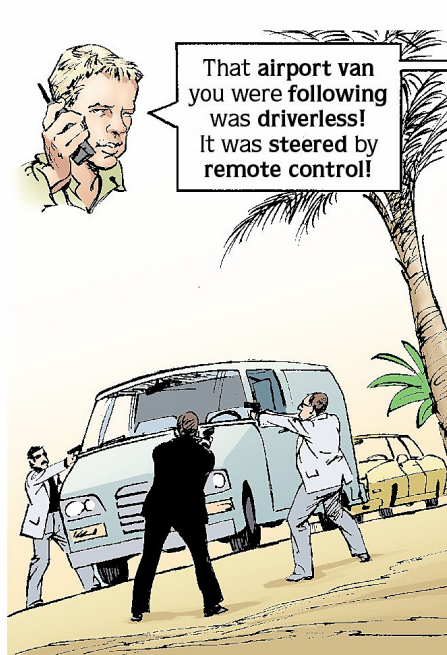
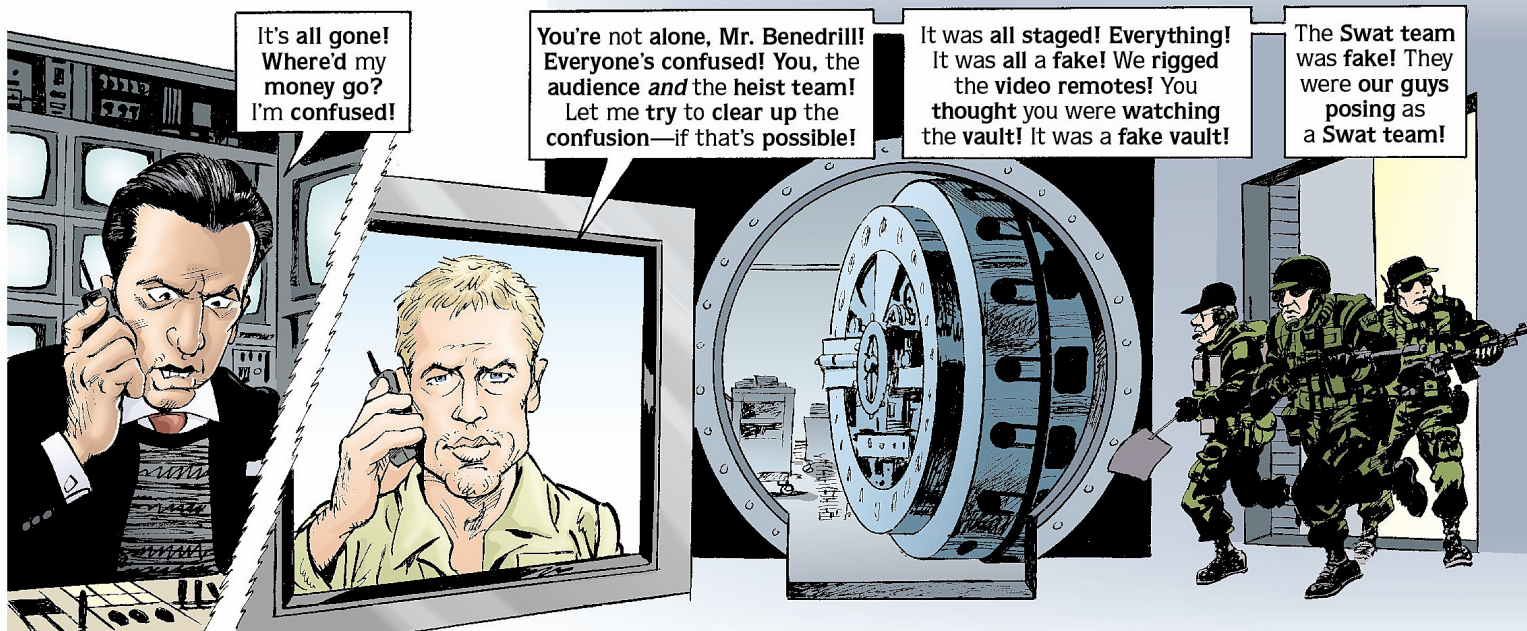
It's not easy, Mr. Benedrill! It's a deceptive dialect! I could be Scottish, Peruvian, or a wealthy Kurd!

I'm thinking The Bronx, Mosholu Parkway area, went to Dewitt Clinton High School, finally retired to Florida!

He's good! He's ruthless, but he's good!

I KNOW HIM...







In recent issues, MAD has presented songs praising two highly important areas in our lives—mainly Food and Pets. Since then, however, we have discovered that there is a third area even more powerful, even more time-consuming, even more important. Yessir, we've discovered that the most vital force in our lives today is our never-ending, mouth-watering quest for Wealth and Possessions! Join us now as we pay tribute to big-spenders, money-grubbers, status-seekers and fortune hunters with these . . .

SONGS OF WEALTH AND PROPERTY AND

THE CHARGE ACCOUNT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of "Georgy Girl")



Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Going on another shopping spree!
Lucky thing for me the store can't see
My Bank account's bare!
I'm dead broke!

Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Gettin' lots of fancy clothes for free!
I still owe from '63—
But what the heck, I don't care!

But see that salesgirl checking my file and
wrecking my day!
She's just discovered that I don't pay!
She's telling me—

Goodbye, Charge Account!
Now I really feel like some poor schnook—
Giving back the clothes I took!
I don't have a stitch to wear!
I've been stripped bare
Of my Charge Account!

BALLAD FOR A BOOK-BUYER

(Sung to the tune of
"I Get A Kick Out Of You")

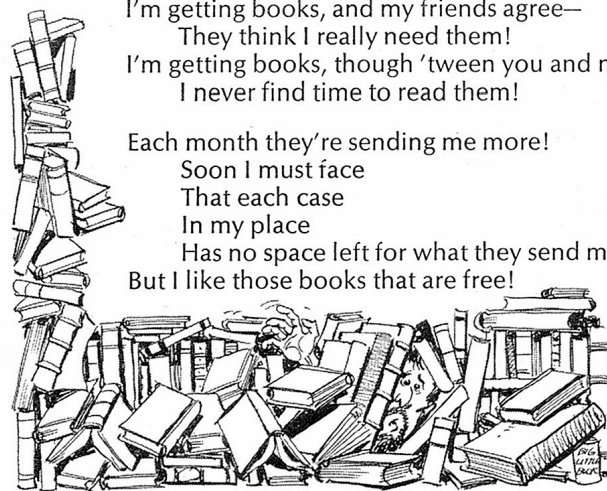
I'm joining book-clubs galore!
There is no end
To the books that they send!
And each time I buy two or three—
Then I get a book that is free!

I fill up shelves by the score!
I can't resist!
There's no novel I've missed!
'Cause when I get their list I foresee
That I'll get a book that is free!



I'm getting books, and my friends agree—
They think I really need them!
I'm getting books, though 'tween you and me
I never find time to read them!

Each month they're sending me more!
Soon I must face
That each case
In my place
Has no space left for what they send me!
But I like those books that are free!



SERENADE TO A SPORTS CAR

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")



MG—
I live just to touch you!
When I double-clutch you,
MG, it gives me a thrill!

MG—
I love your ignition,
Your four-speed transmission,
Your points, your plugs and your grill!

MG—
When I look inside you,
The sight of each piston rod
Brings me closer to God!

MG—
I'll wash you and wax you!
If some Chevy smacks you,
I'll die, M... G...!



ALTH, POSSESSIONS, GREED, D CREEPING MATERIALISM

WRITER **FRANK JACOBS**

ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**

BALLAD FOR A MINK COAT

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")



The mink I'm possessing,
It's plain to see,
Has given me su-per-i-or-i-ty!
Those gorgeous, costly pelts
Convince me I'm better than anyone else!
My friends flock around me when I stroll by!
They look at my coat with a jealous eye!
I'm concealing—
Not revealing—
With a second-hand Thrift-Shop I'm dealing!
A coat for impressing
The mink I'm possessing
Will be!

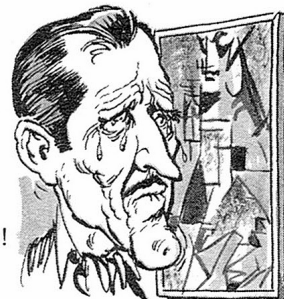
THE ART COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")

Picasso!
I just bought an oil by Picasso!
It didn't cost me much!
At 80 grand it's such
A steal!



Picasso!
An expert just saw my Picasso!
And suddenly I'm told
This painting I've been sold
Ain't real!



Picasso!
I am trying to serve a subpoena!
But the dealer's fled to Argentina!
Picasso!
I'm stuck with a phony Picasso!

ANTHEM FOR AN OVEN

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover")

We're really lovin'
Our brand-new oven!
There's nothing that thrills us more!
It's real expensive
With chrome on the door!
It's so extensive
It takes up a floor!
Cakes we're not baking—
No meals it's making—
That's not what we bought it for!
We can't deny it!
We had to buy it
To outdo the folks next door!



HYMN TO A RICH AUNT

(Sung to the tune of
"You're A Grand Old Flag")

She's a mean old bag!
She's a nasty old bag!
And forever she's filled us with hate!
But we treat her sweet
And kiss her feet
And tell her we think that she's great!

Let her curse at us!
We will not raise a fuss
When she starts in to scream and nag!
For we all are counting what we'll get
From the will of that mean old bag!

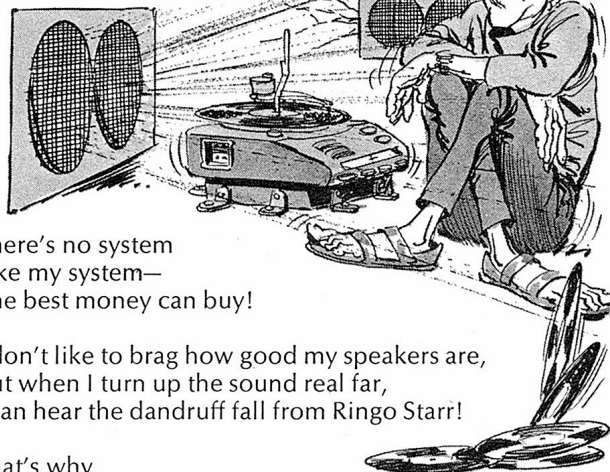


HYMN TO A HI-FI SYSTEM

(Sung to the tune of
"There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Hi-Fi
That's more Hi-Fi
Than my Hi-Fi
Is Hi!

Music through my pre-amp sounds real clear now!
There's no hiss or rumble I can't squelch!
Every single sound can reach my ear now!
I even hear now
Stokowski belch!



There's no system
Like my system—
The best money can buy!

I don't like to brag how good my speakers are,
But when I turn up the sound real far,
I can hear the dandruff fall from Ringo Starr!

That's why
I've got Hi-Fi!

SONG FOR A SLEEP-IN MAID

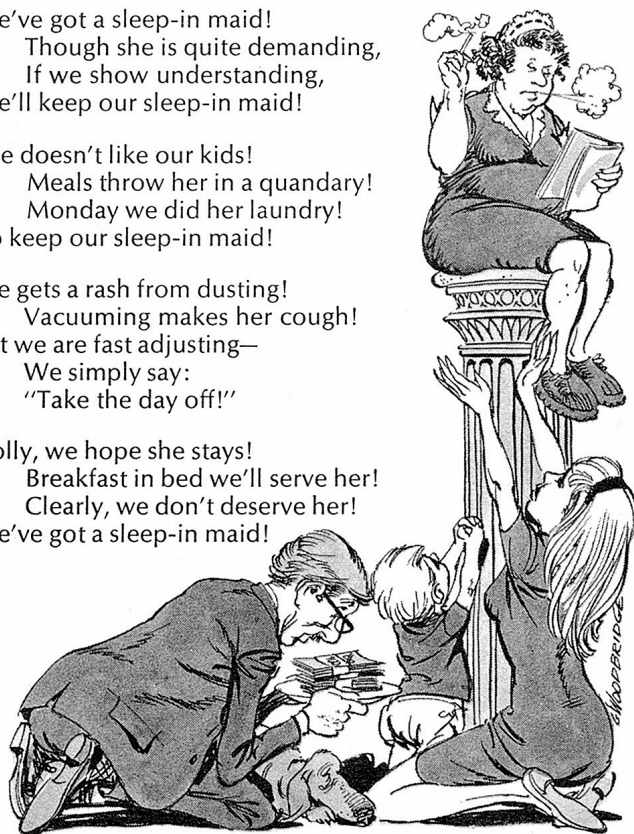
(Sung to the tune of
"I'm In The Mood For Love")

We've got a sleep-in maid!
Though she is quite demanding,
If we show understanding,
We'll keep our sleep-in maid!

She doesn't like our kids!
Meals throw her in a quandary!
Monday we did her laundry!
To keep our sleep-in maid!

She gets a rash from dusting!
Vacuuming makes her cough!
But we are fast adjusting—
We simply say:
"Take the day off!"

Golly, we hope she stays!
Breakfast in bed we'll serve her!
Clearly, we don't deserve her!
We've got a sleep-in maid!



THE ANTIQUE WALTZ

(Sung to the tune of
"My Cup Runneth Over")

At seven this morning I wake with a start—
The bed that's beneath me is falling apart!
My antique piano caves in with a klunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

A few moments later a lamp-shade comes loose
And falls on the head of that giant, stuffed moose!
I fracture my toe on an old, rusty trunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-hu-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

The air is all musty; the furniture reeks—
And yet I keep going on buying antiques!
I wish I could stop, but I guess that I'm sunk!
My house runneth over with juh-uh-uh-unk—
With juh-unk, with juh-unk, with juh-uh-unk!



MELODY FOR A MILLIONAIRE

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl From Ipanema")



Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City is loaded,
And when she sees him, my girl she lets out a "Wow!"
Strings of pearls and diamond bracelets
And coats of mink are what he gives her
And now I'm knowing just why my girl she went "Wow!"

True—he looks dumpy and funny!
Still—she does not seem to mind it!
She—likes the smell of his money!
But one day she will come back to me—
Then she'll love me 'cause I will be

Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City who's loaded,
And she'll be liking that smell of money on me!
And we'll have a spree!
Though I'm eighty-three!

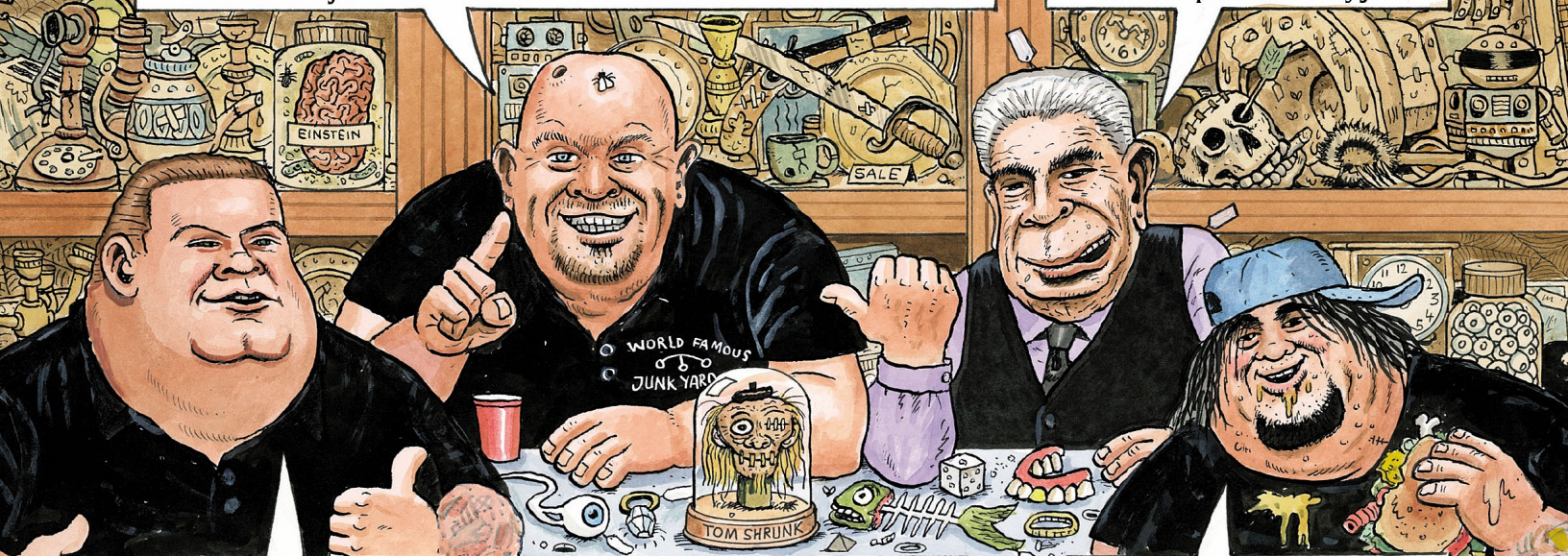


Have a piece of crap in the attic you think might be worth a fortune? You don't have to wait until *Antiques Roadshow* comes to your town. Just schlep it out to Vegas where four very laid-back people will check it out when, and if, they feel like it. We're talking about the...

YAWN! Stars

I'm **Slick Hair-is-Gone** and this is my **pawn shop**! I work here with my **old man** and my son, **Big Loss**. There are **three things** I learned after **21 years** in the **pawn shop business**. **One**, you **never know** what **weird crap** people are gonna **drag in** to try and **sell**. Well, actually we **always know** because the **producers** have **pre-screened** it to make sure it makes for a **good episode**! But **play along** for the sake of the **show**. **Two**, you never get over how **easy** it is to **buy** that **crap** and **unload** it on some **sucker** who thinks he's getting a **bargain**! And **three**, you never know how low **The History Channel** will **sink** to fill their **schedule** with **ridiculous shows**!

My son **Slick** owns the shop because I **left it to him** in my **will**! Technically I'm **not dead**, but I do so **little** around here that **Slick** just assumed I was and took over the **shop**! My **main responsibilities** are to **annoy** my son and my **two-ton grandson** and to take **naps**. I excel at my **job**!



I'm **Big Loss**! You're probably wondering why anyone in their **right mind** would visit a **pawn shop** in **Las Vegas** — the **gambling capital of the world**. Actually, that's **why** they visit us! These people are **desperate**! They've gambled away **every buck** so they have to **sell** their **most treasured possessions** to raise enough **money** to get home to their **loved ones**. Once you realize that, you'll agree that my **father**, **grandfather** and I are all about **helping people**! Of course the **people** we like to help the **most** are **ourselves**!

I'm **Chunky**! People think **Slick** and his son **Big Loss** keep me around for **comic relief**, but that's **not true**. I'm actually **very smart**! *How smart?* I have a team of **writers** on this show coming up with my "**dumb**" lines! God, I love **reality TV**!

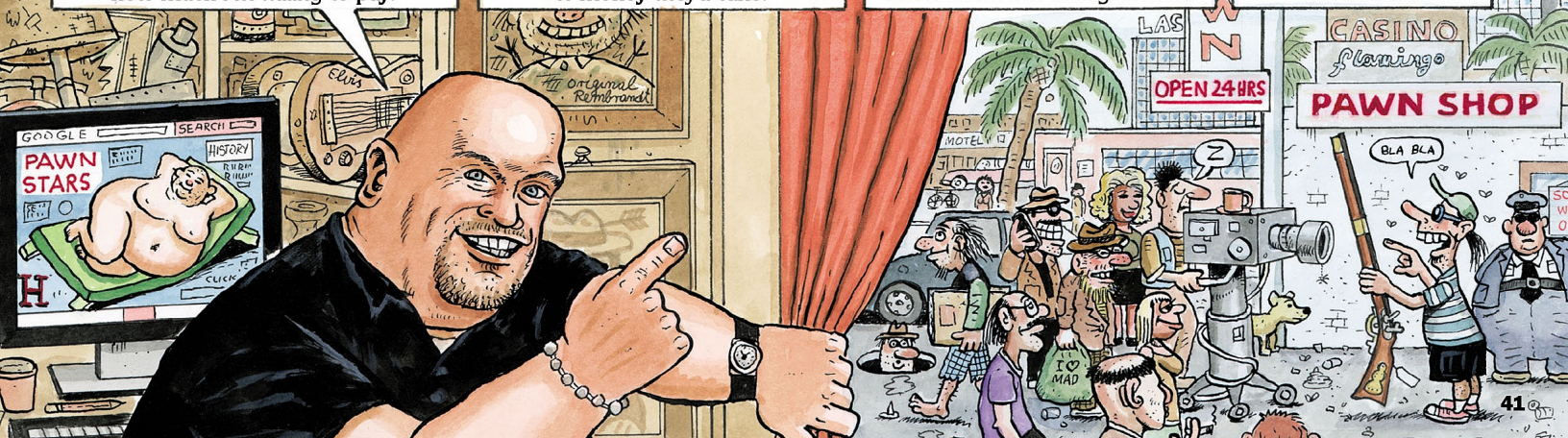
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **TOM BUNK**

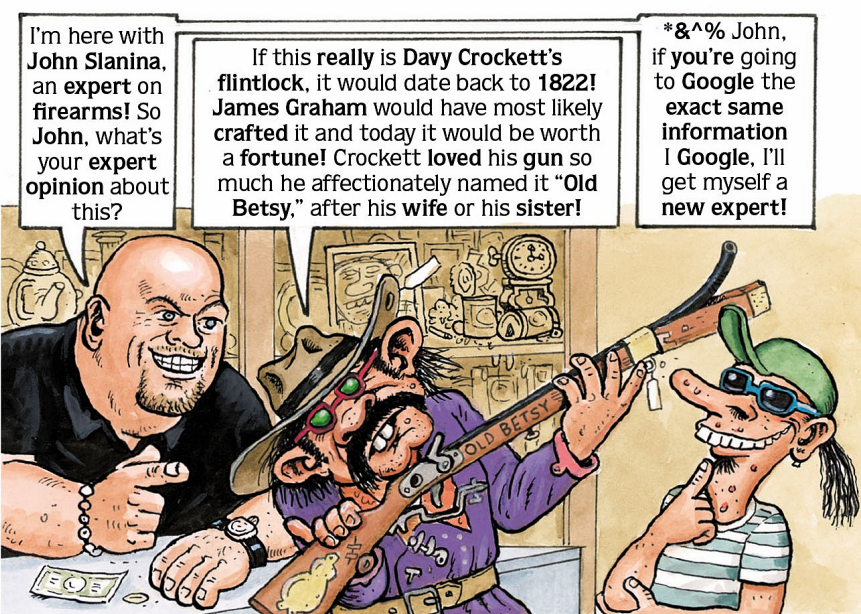
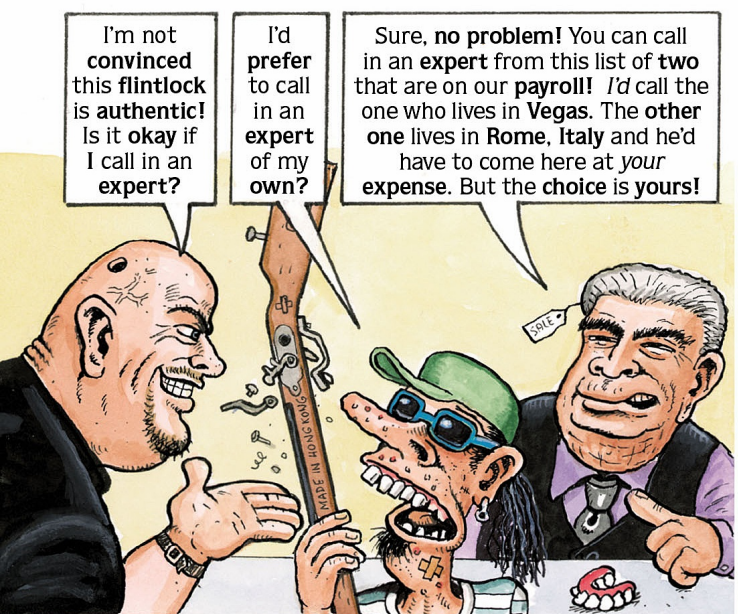
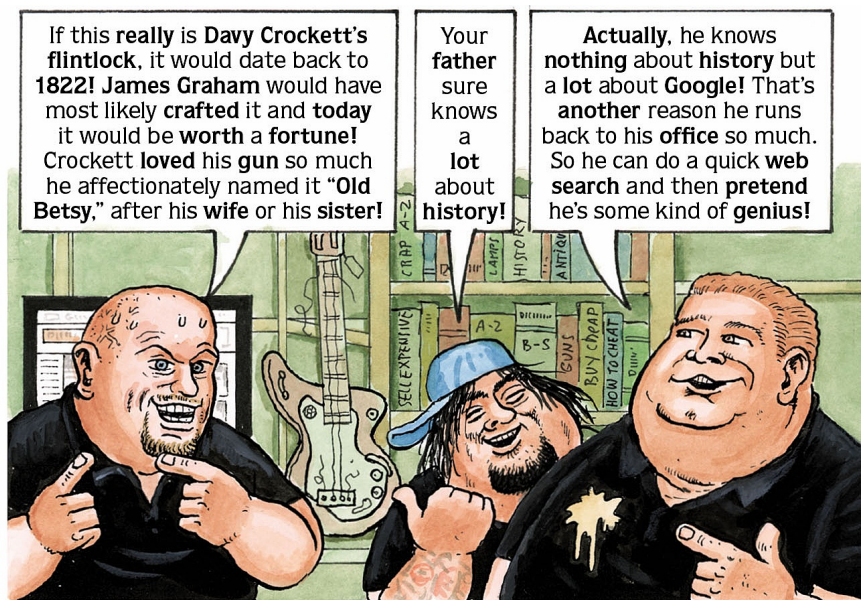
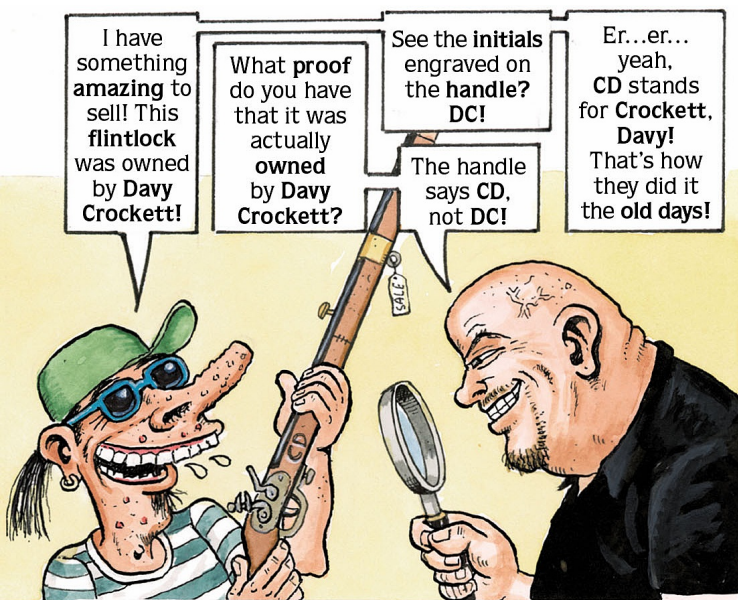
Here's how the **show** works: I come back here to my **office** where the customer **can't hear** me and I tell the **TV audience** how much I **really** want to **buy** an item someone's brought in and how much I'm willing to **pay**.

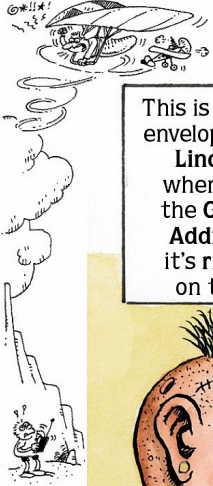
Meanwhile, **outside** the shop, the **customer** tells the **TV audience** how much they'd like to **get** for the item they brought in and what's the **lowest** amount of money they'll take.

There's just **one difference**! The **customer** can't hear what I'm prepared to **pay**, but the **producers** secretly tell me what the **lowest** amount of money the **customer** is willing to take!

That's why the odds of us **making money** here in the pawn shop are **100 times** better than the money the slots make for the **casinos**!





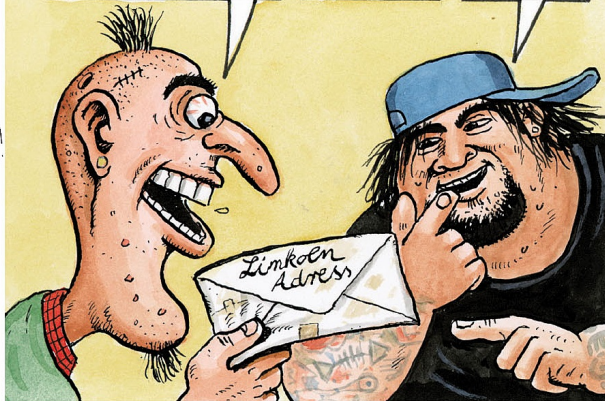


This is the **original** envelope Abraham Lincoln used when he wrote the **Gettysburg Address**! See, it's **right there** on the back!

Well, now I know you're **lying**!

What makes you say I'm lying?

Because any idiot knows the **address** goes on the **front** of the envelope!

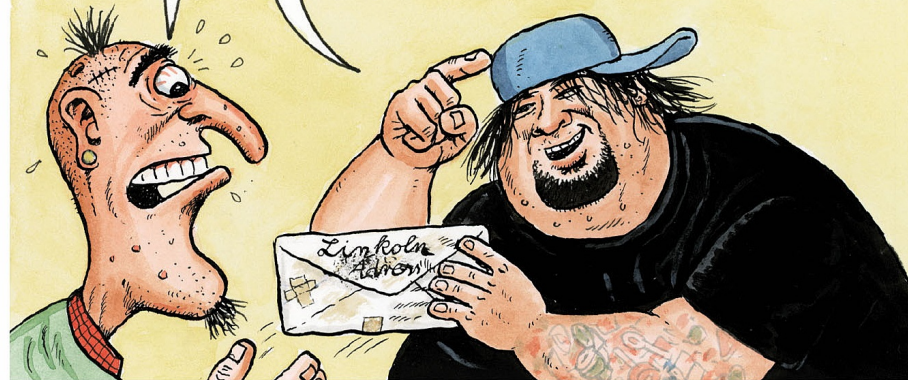


This isn't that kind of **address**. This is the **original, famous** Lincoln's **Gettysburg Address**!

Wow, I get it now! Can I hold it?

Okay, but don't **smear the ink**! It's not **dry yet**. Ink from a **fountain pen** takes a **long time** to dry!

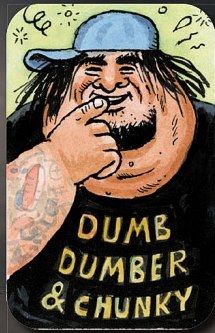
Sorry, pal, I still need **proof** this is **real**! See if you can get me Lincoln's **cell phone number** so I can give him a call and ask him about it. Then come **back** and we'll talk. I'm not **stupid**, you know!



What's the most important thing Slick considers before making an offer?

- A. How good it looks on camera.
- B. How much he can B.S. about the item.
- C. How likely Chunky is to make a stupid comment about it?

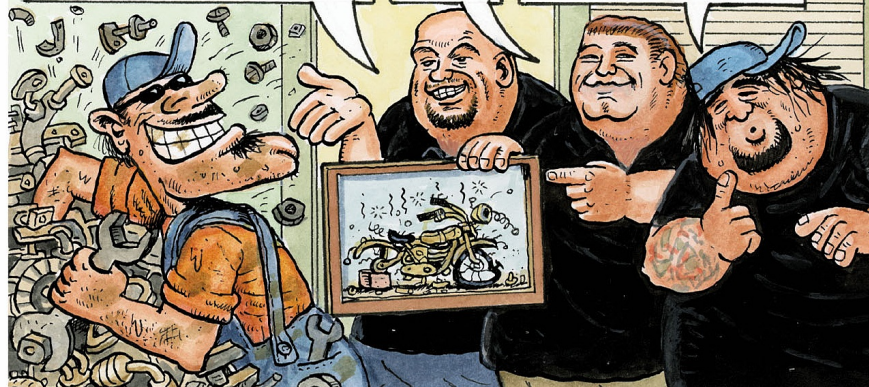
Answer:
D: How stupid Chunky will look playing with it on camera.



This is **Sick Restorations**. When we buy collectables that are in **sad shape** we bring them here. **Sick** is the **master** at making the **old new** again! Just yesterday we brought Sick a **rusty** out **1907 Harley Davidson Motorcycle**!

It was a **total disaster**, but we only paid **\$50** for it!

That was thanks to me you paid **\$50**! The guy was looking for between **\$35** and **\$40**. I was the one who talked him up to **\$50**. Wait a minute — I think I **screwed up** again! **Darn**!



This is it! The entire frame was **rusty**, so I **replaced** it. The engine was **frozen**, so I put in a bigger, **better** one. The instruments on the **dash** were **beyond repair**, so I **replaced** them. New **gas tank**, new **lights**, new **upholstery**!

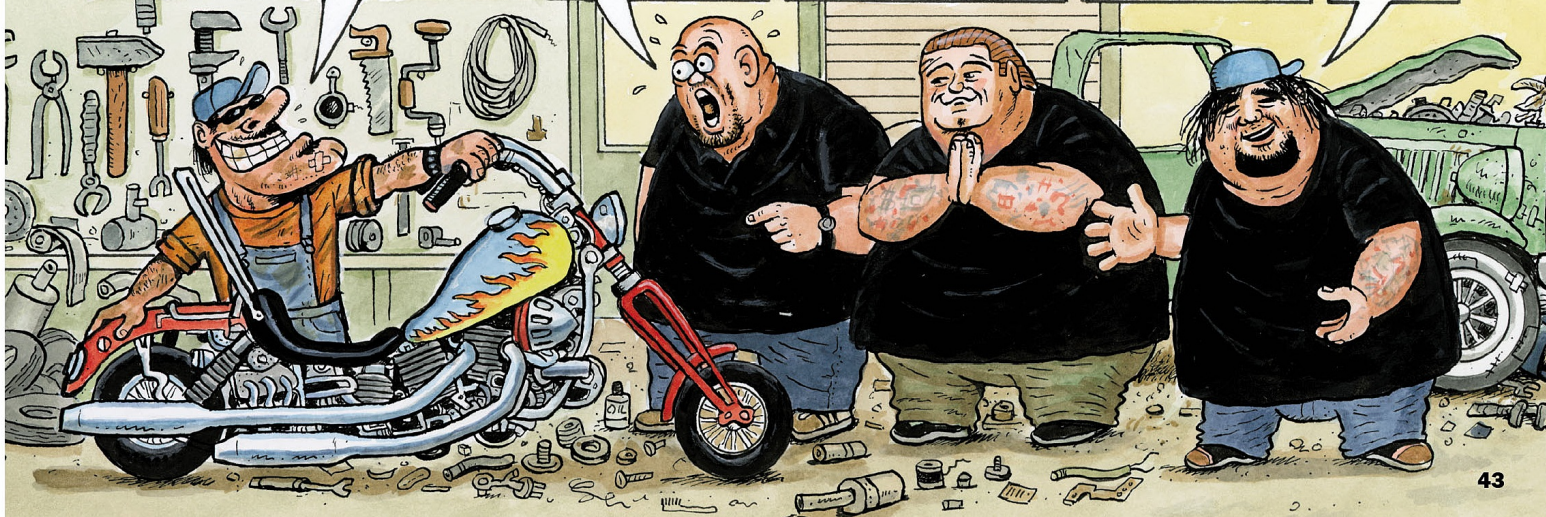
My God, this is your **best job ever**! It looks **brand new**! What'd you spend?

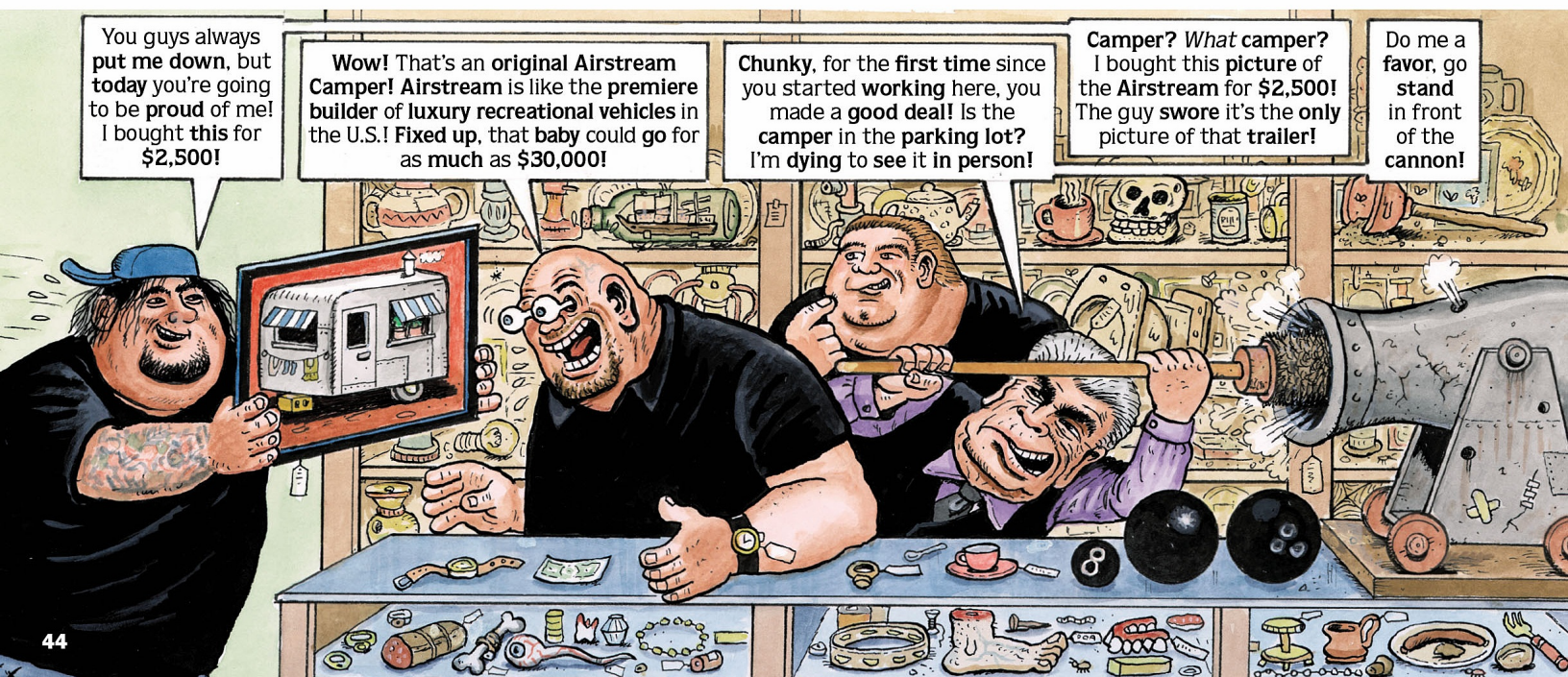
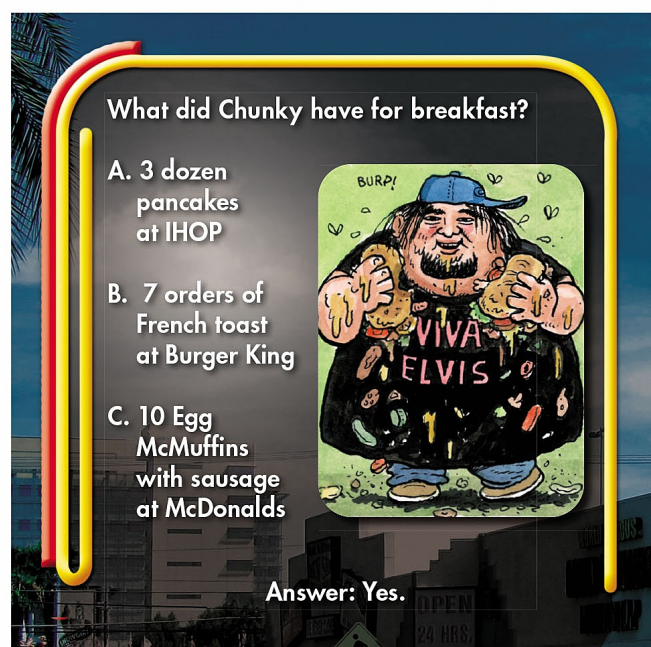
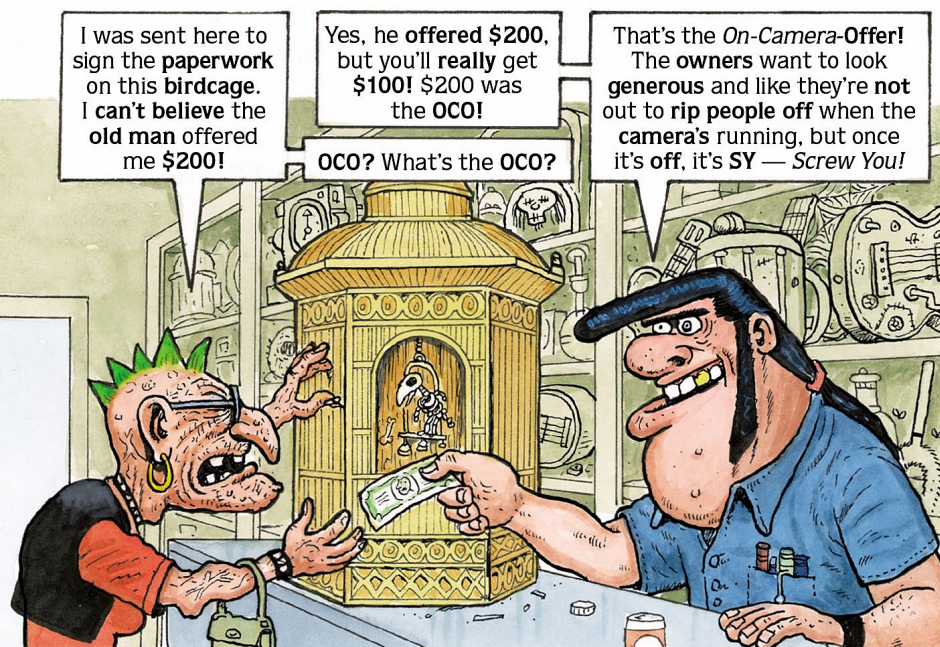
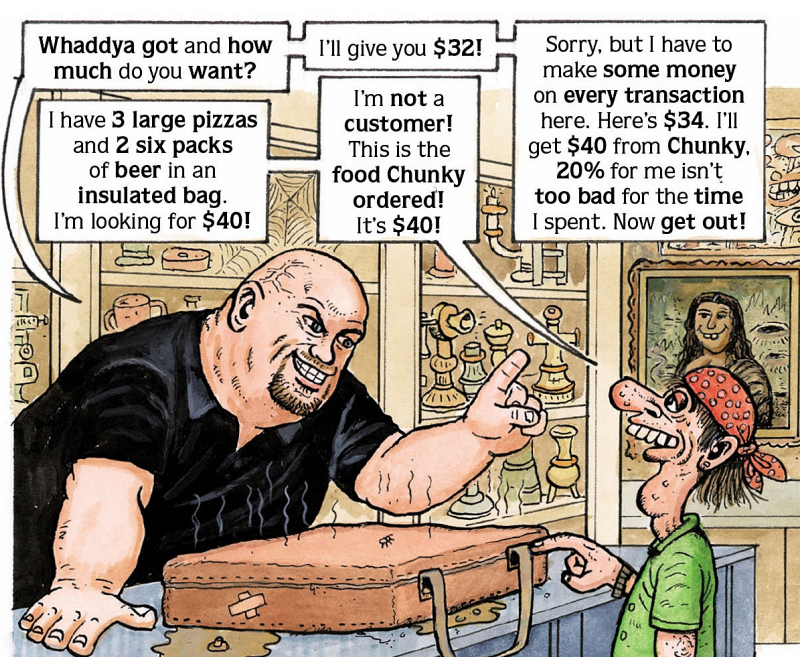
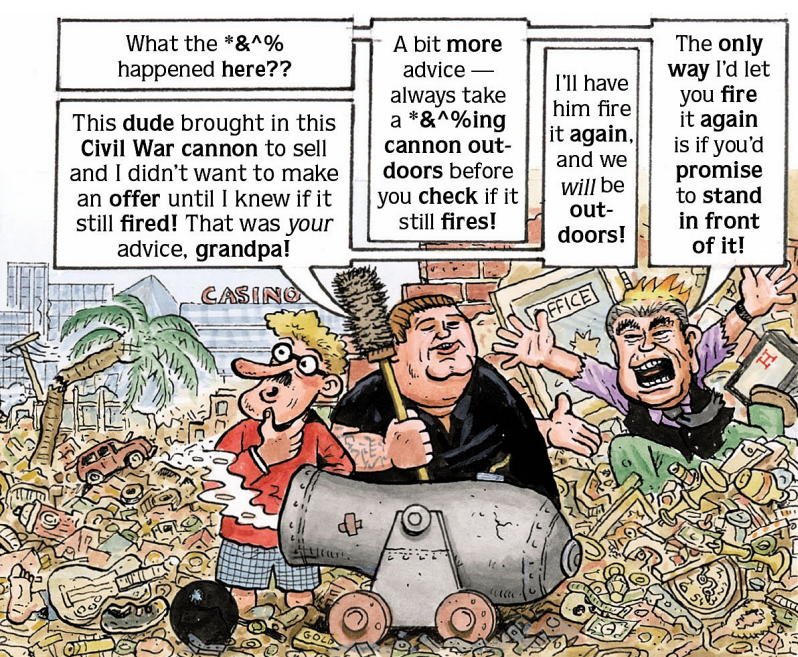
Probably more than you wanted, **\$18,000**.

\$18,000! I could have bought a **brand new** Harley for that amount!

Actually, I'll tell you the **truth**. That's **exactly** what I did! **No one** could save that **hunk of crap** you brought in!

Look at the **bright side** — we only **lost \$50** on the deal!







Have you ever wondered why some poor shlub who tries to declare his 40-inch TV as a business expense ends up arguing with his cellmate over who gets to be the wife, while billion-dollar companies like U.S. Steel and Exxon get their tax refunds personally hand-delivered by the Secretary of the Treasury? Well, have you? Nah—knowing you, you're way too busy wondering what Darkwing Duck looks like naked! So we'll let you enjoy your own private mind-pluck, while you completely ignore...

YOU'RE A CROOK



WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**
ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**

YOU'RE A BUSINESSMAN

If you intimidate store owners into paying protection money with the threat that if they don't cough it up they just might lose everything
-You're A Crook



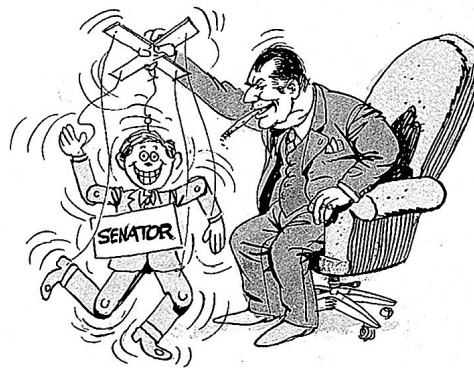
But if you happen to own a sports team, and treat an entire city the same way
-You're A Businessman

If you insist on an extra 25% charge for making sure that "nothing gets broke or lost"
-You're A Crook



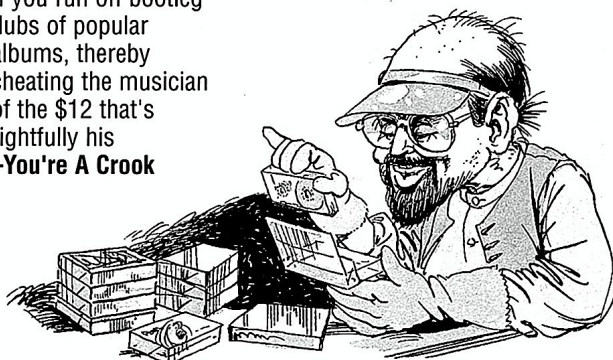
But if you impose the same fee for handing out the concert tickets that a machine just spit out
-You're A Businessman

If you hire thugs and goons to bust a union
-You're A Crook



But if you hire Congressmen to do it
-You're A Businessman

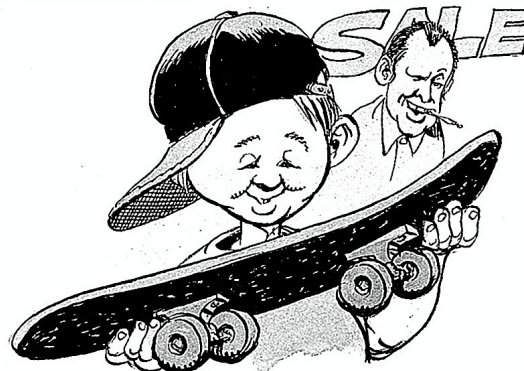
If you run off bootleg dubs of popular albums, thereby cheating the musician of the \$12 that's rightfully his
-You're A Crook



But if your attorneys dream up a contract that pays the same musician about \$12 for every million albums he sells
-You're A Businessman

CRUOK CRUOK CRUOK CRUOK

If you break
thumbs and
crack kneecaps
to make a buck
— You're A Crook



But if you
sell a skate-
board or
rollerblades to
every putz who
comes into
your store, so
he can go out
and do the job
himself
— You're A
Businessman

If you try to get
someone to work
for your company
at less than the
minimum wage
— You're A Crook



But if you put
your company in
Ryder vans and
move it to a near-
by country where
you can hire a
dozen workers for
less than the cost
of a can of Pepsi
— You're A
Businessman

If you make cheap
video copies of
Die Hard and
Pulp Fiction to sell
on the corner or at
shady street fairs
— You're A Crook



But if you
produce
cheap rip-offs
of those films
to sell in
actual video
stores
— You're A
Businessman

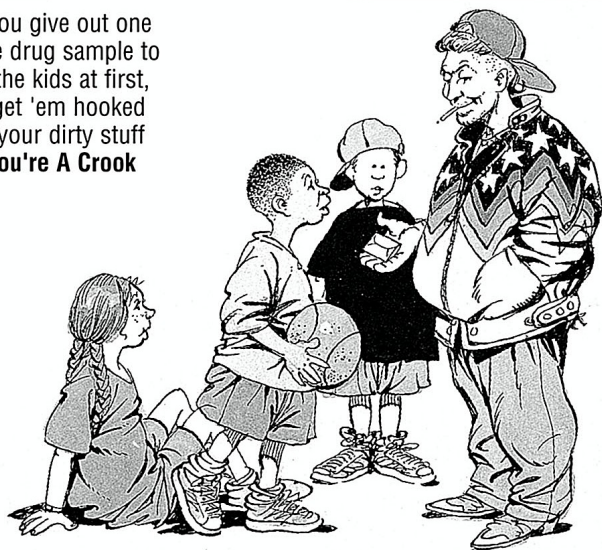
If your business
involves loaning
people free money,
but making them
cough up outra-
geous interest
rates if they're
even one second
late in paying
— You're A Crook



But if you're
the president
of Visa,
Discover or
American
Express
— You're A
Businessman

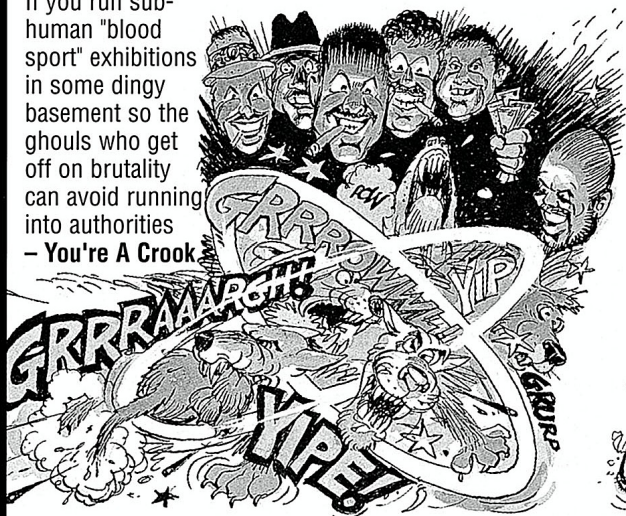
IN BUSINESS MAN BUSINESS

If you give out one free drug sample to all the kids at first, to get 'em hooked on your dirty stuff
- You're A Crook



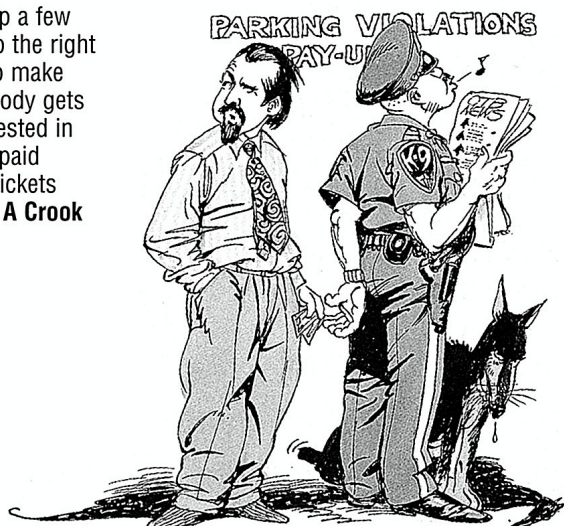
But if you de-scramble the Disney Channel for just one weekend, to get those brats to scream until Mom and Dad pony up the 10 bucks a month
- You're A Businessman

If you run sub-human "blood sport" exhibitions in some dingy basement so the ghouls who get off on brutality can avoid running into authorities
- You're A Crook

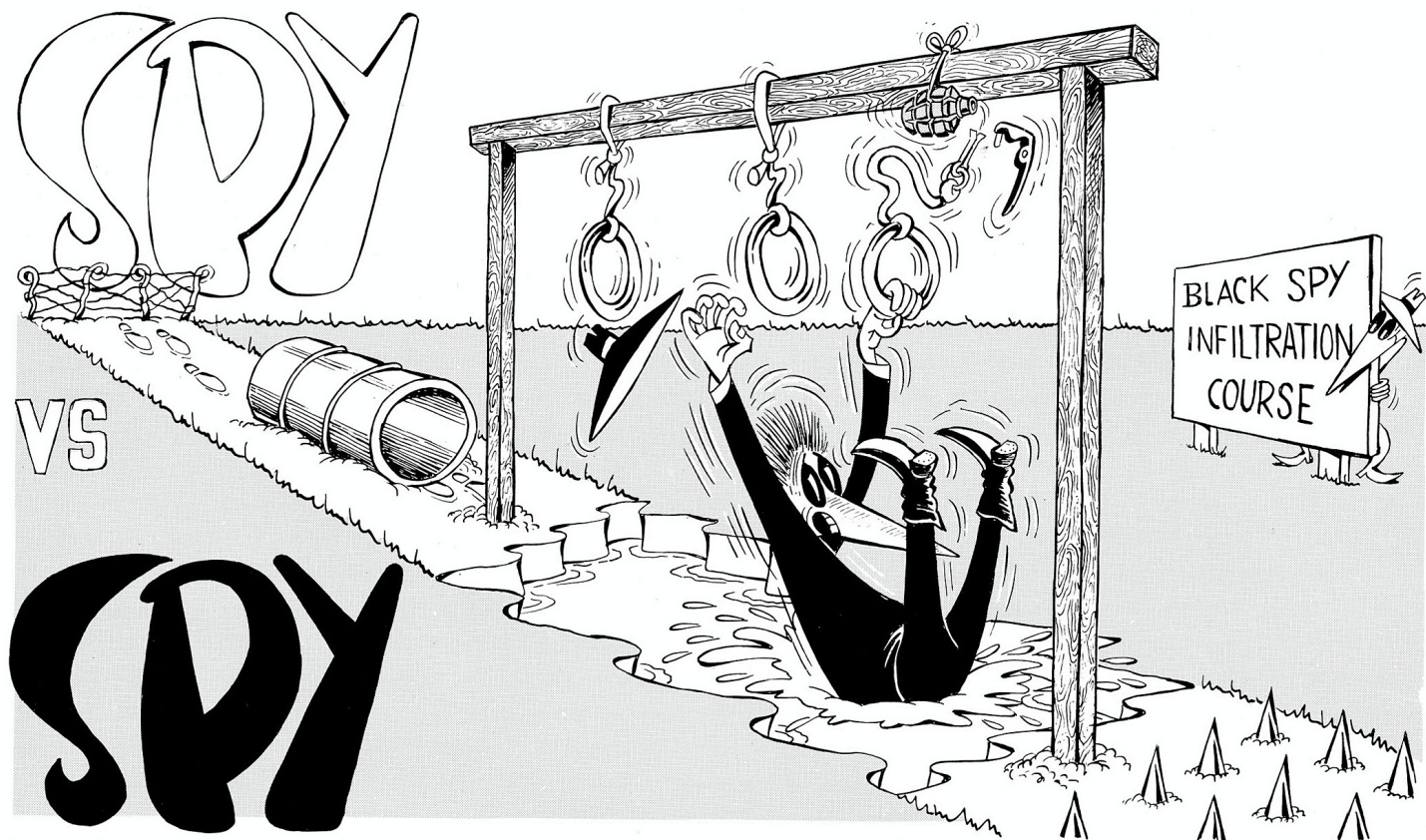


But if you call the whole thing the "Ultimate" something-or-other and put it on pay-per-view
- You're A Businessman

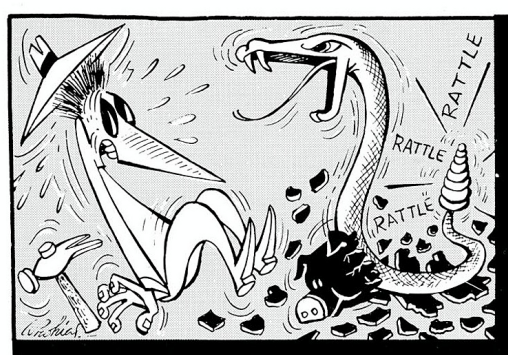
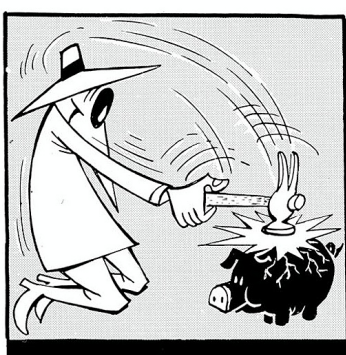
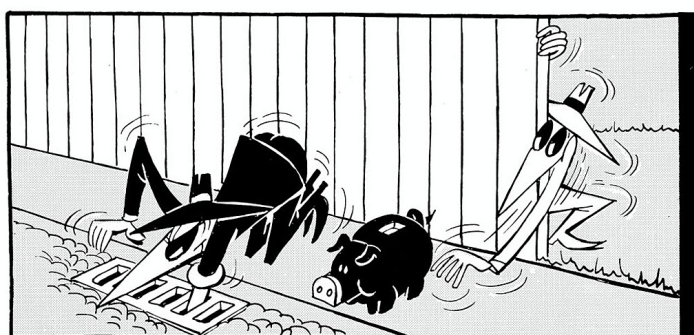
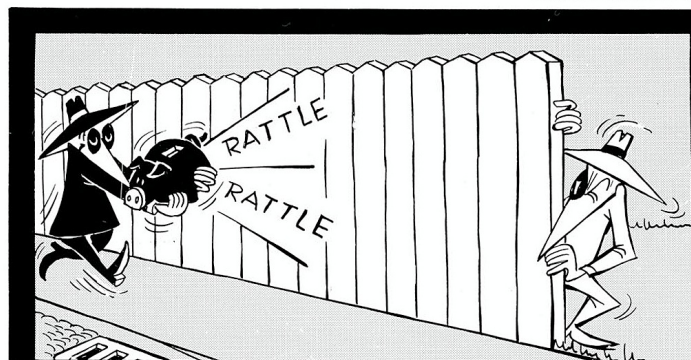
If you slip a few dollars to the right people to make sure nobody gets too interested in those unpaid parking tickets
- You're A Crook



But if you slip a few million dollars to the people who can make sure nobody sees those pesky research papers that show how your cigarettes cause cancer
- You're A Businessman



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS

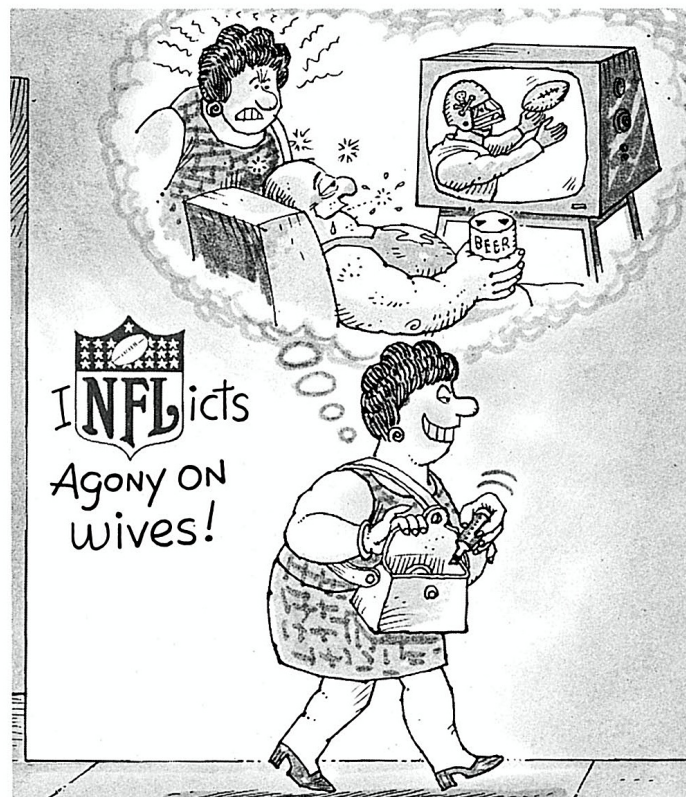
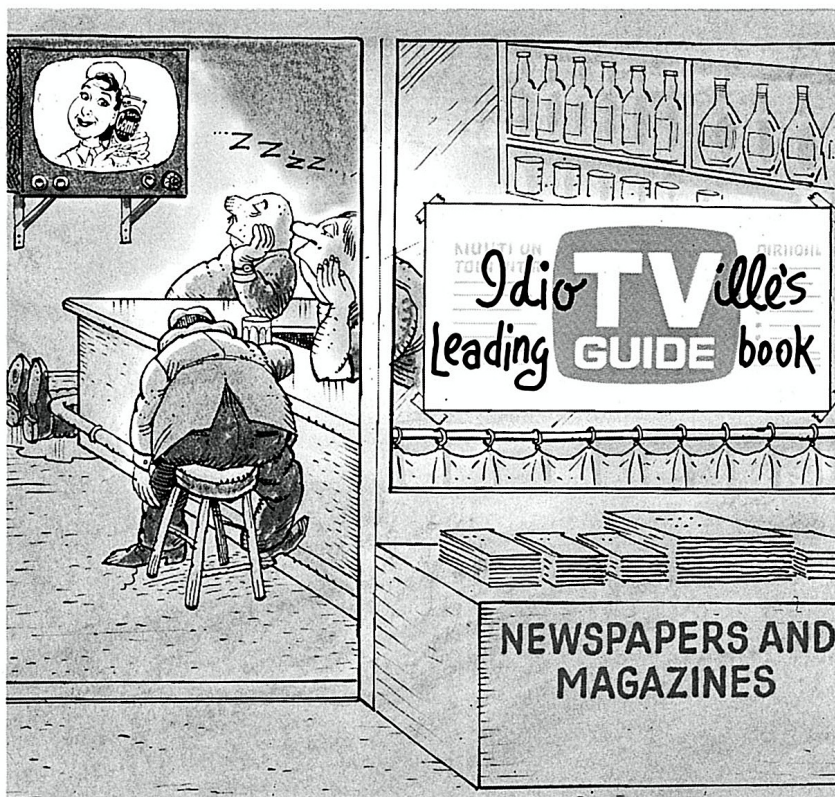
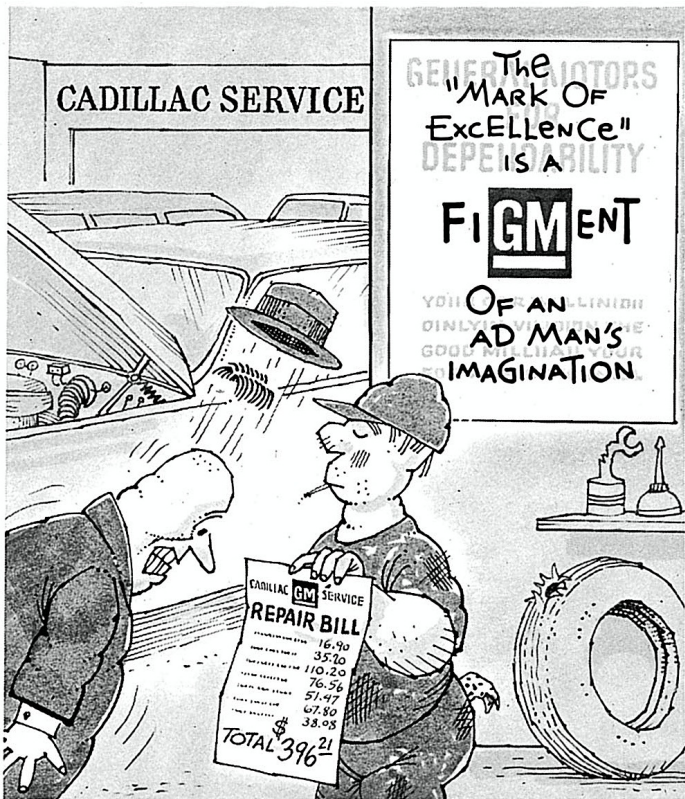


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #118, APR 1968



Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence shudder to think what might happen if those graffiti rascals ever started attacking that holy of

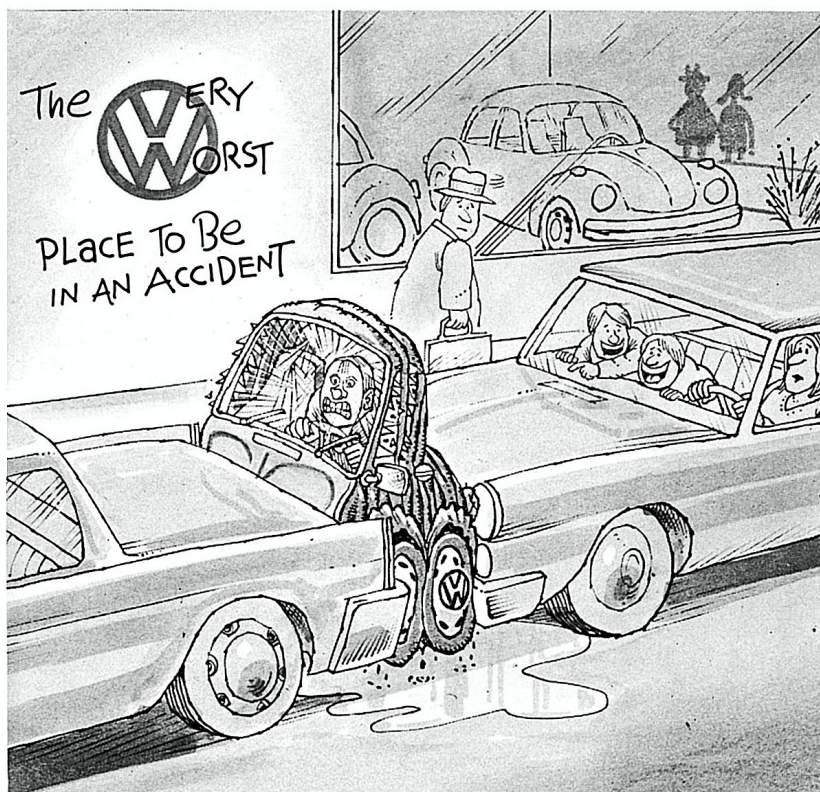
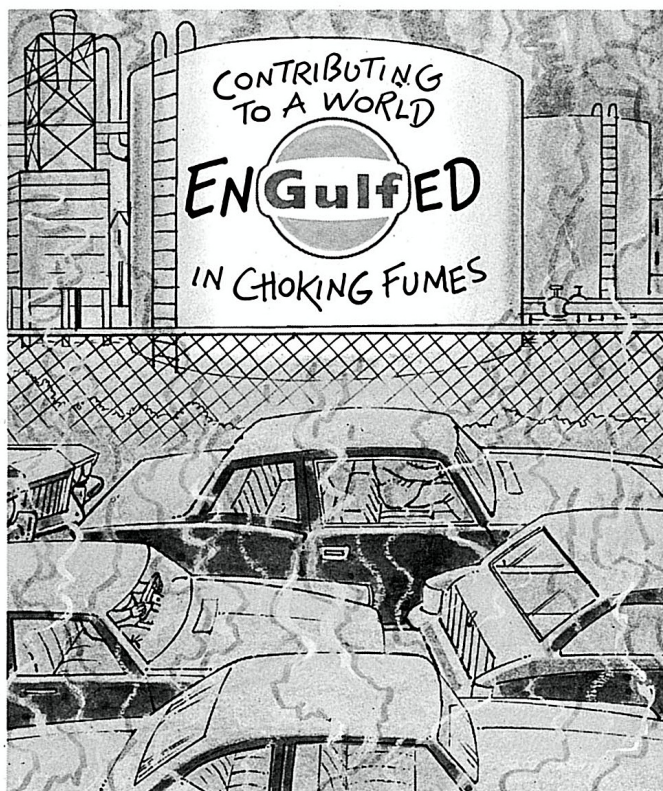
TRADEMARK

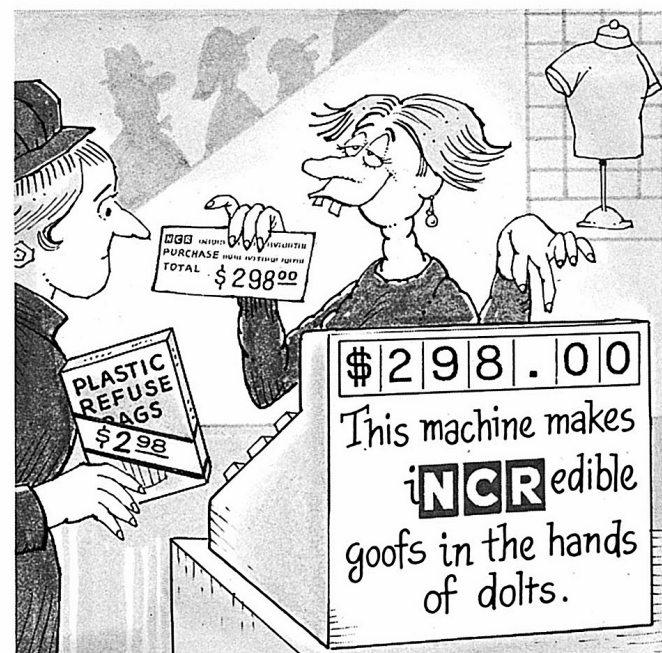
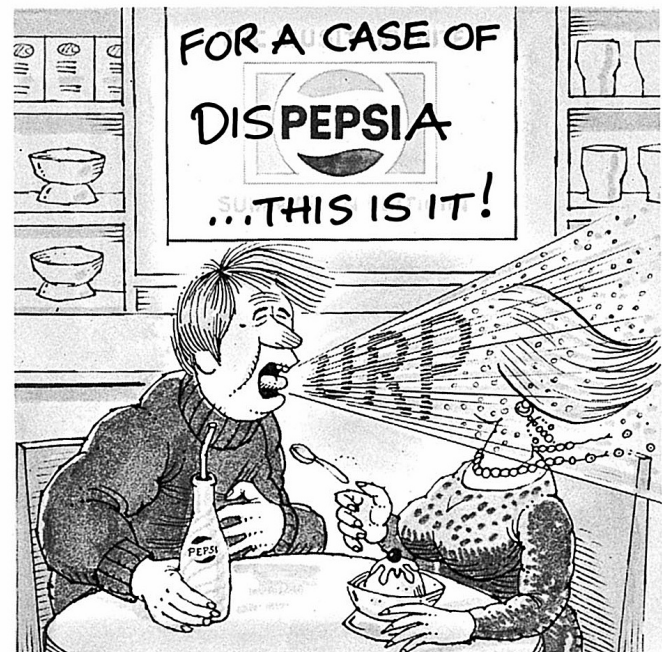
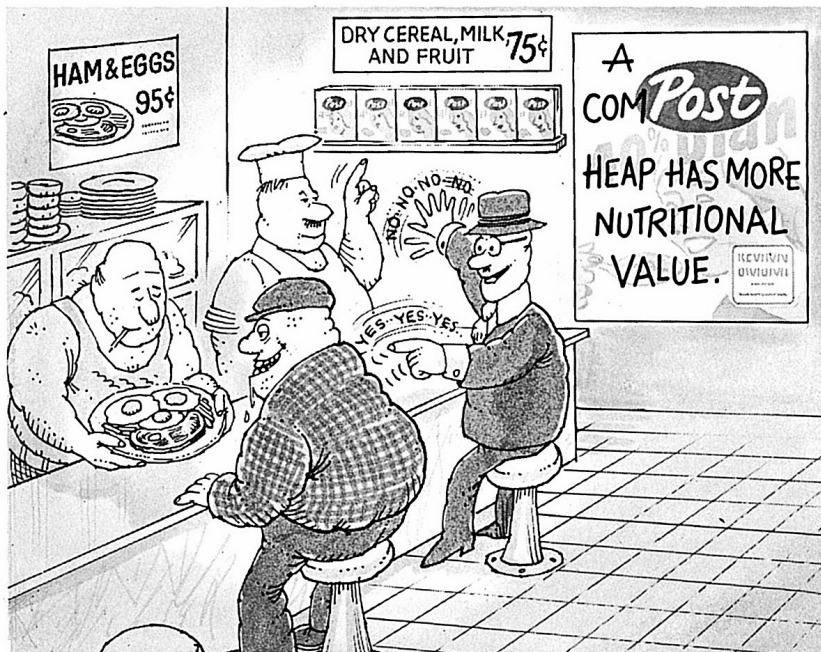
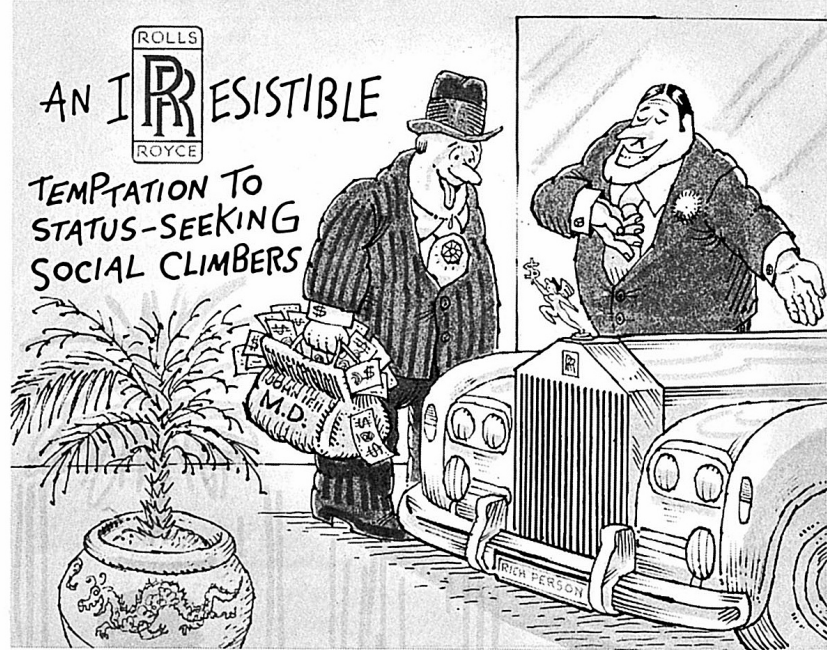
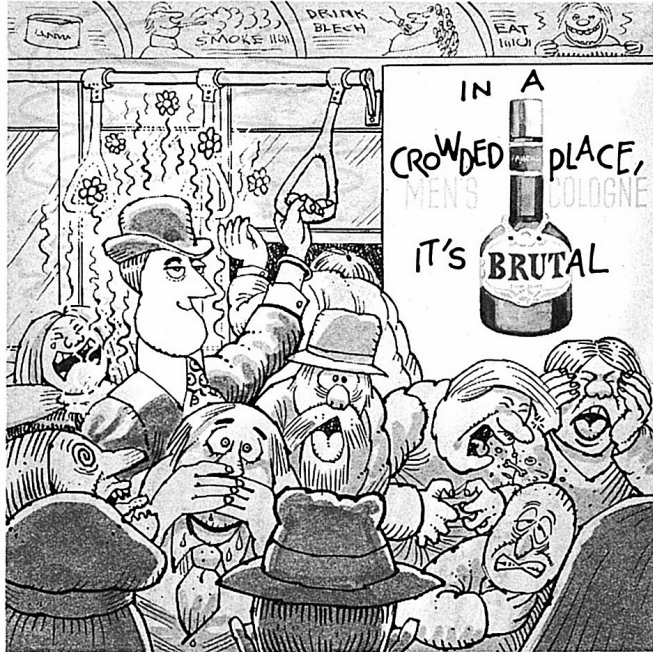


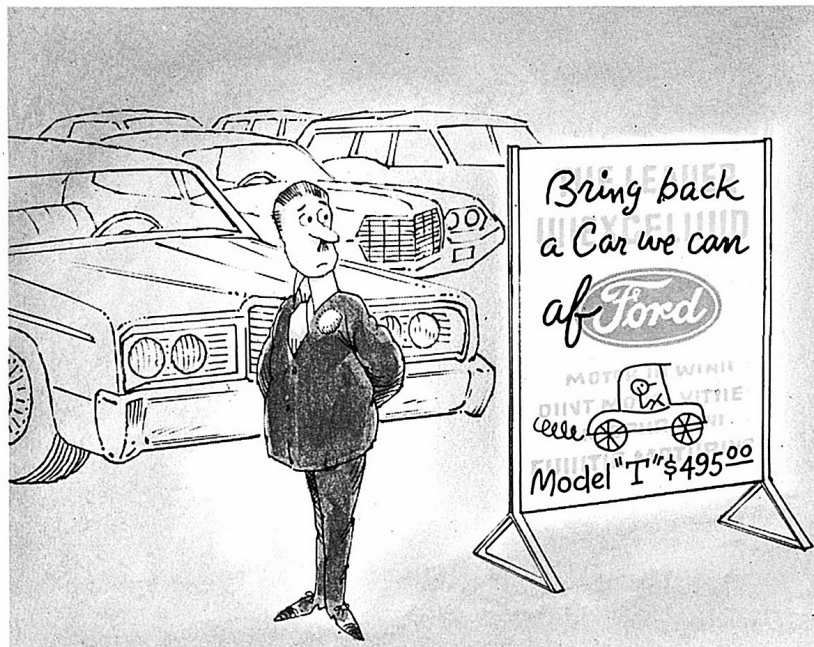
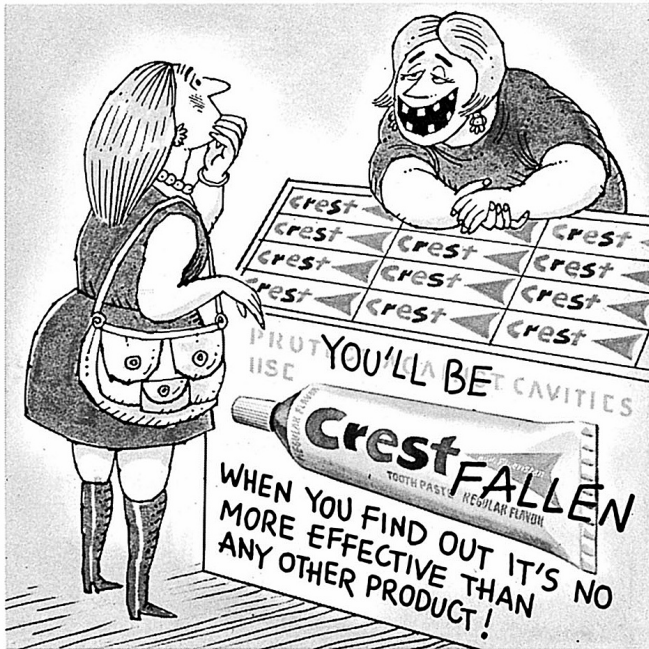
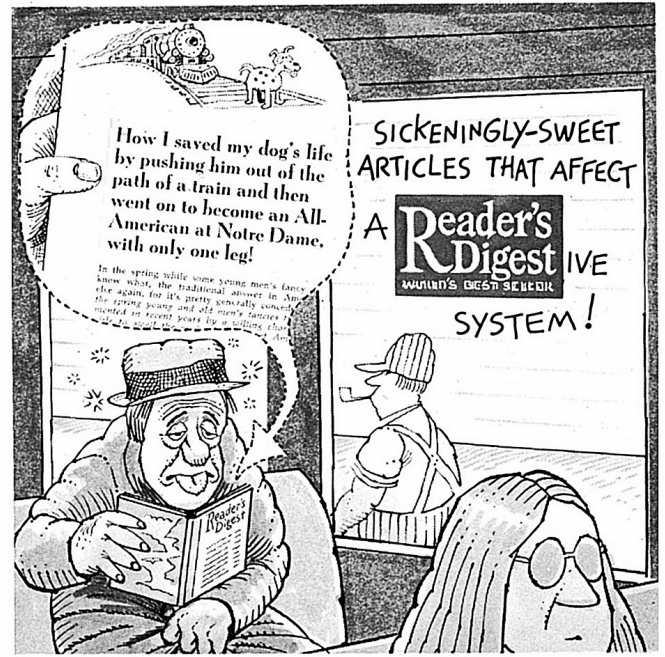
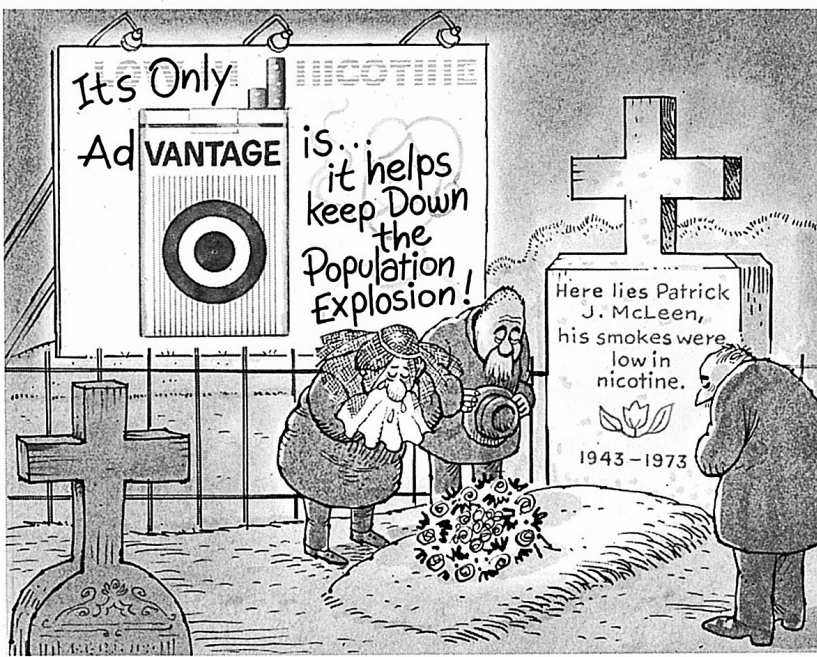
are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available surface. We at MAD
holies, the corporate signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with...

GRAFFITI

WRITER & ARTIST
AL JAFFEE

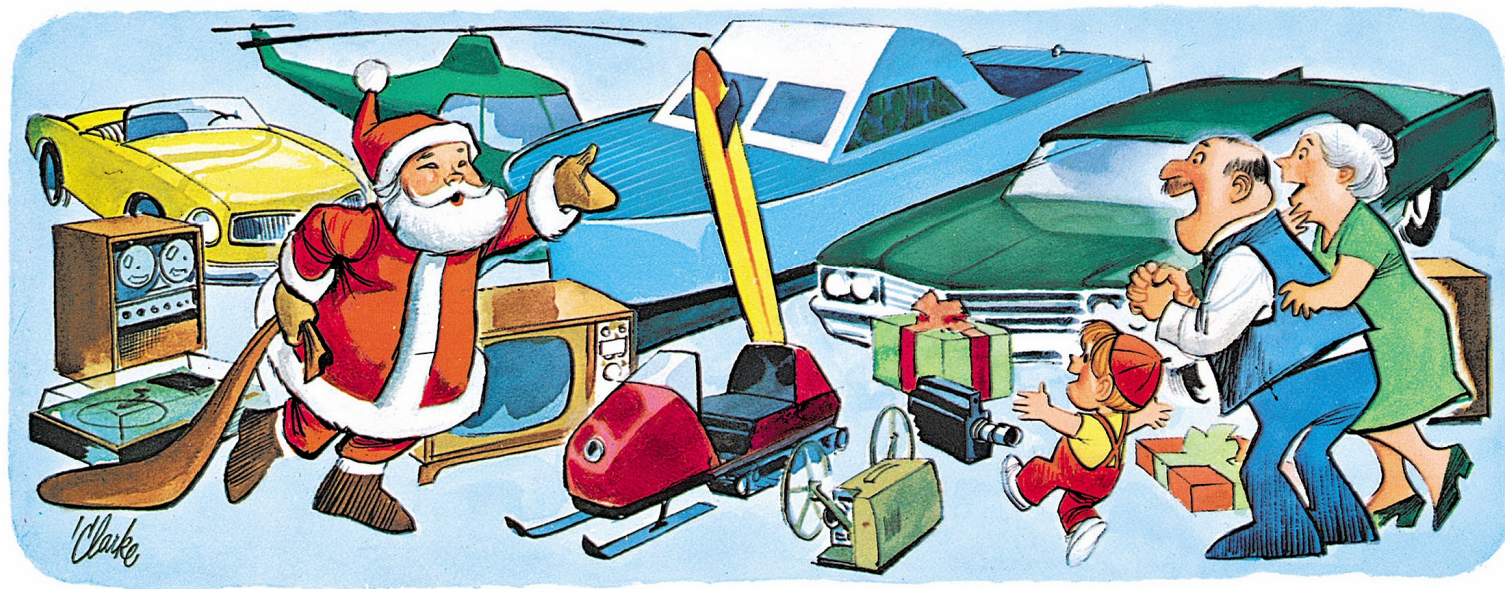








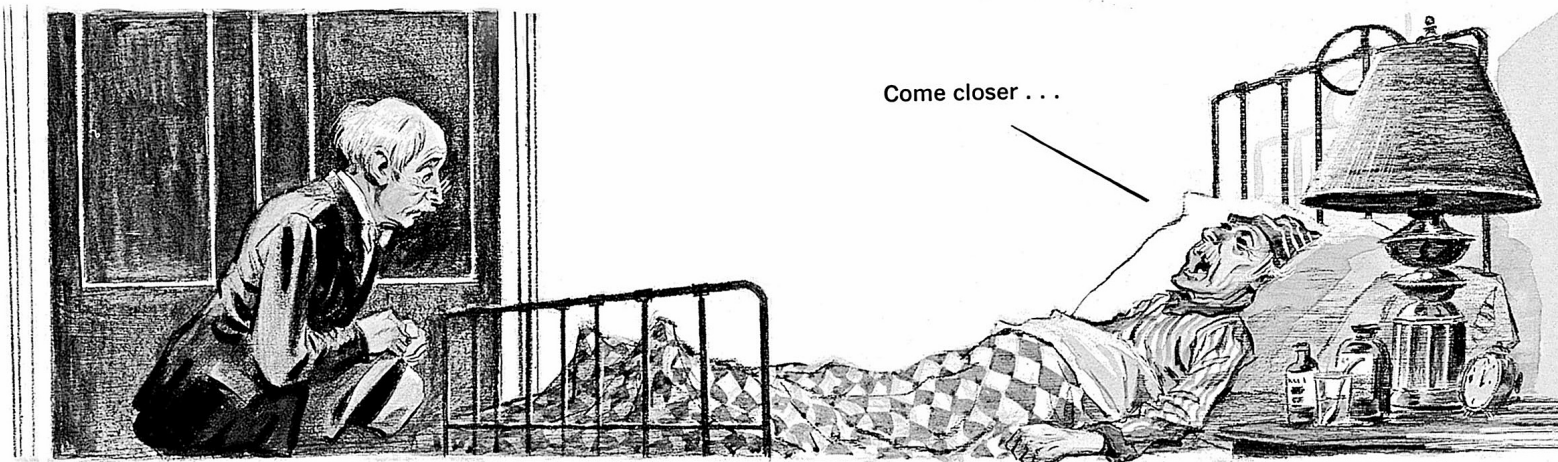
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



WRITER **AL JAFFEE** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**



THE PARTING SHOT

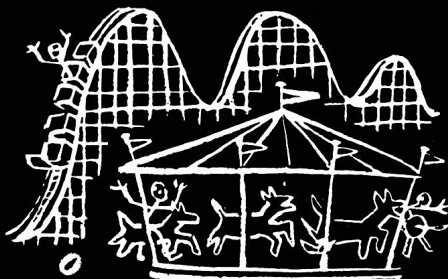


WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST JOE ORLANDO





SLOBBY BOBBY HAD \$2.00!

HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON
AMUSEMENT PARK RIDES!SLOBBY BOBBY GOT SICK
TO HIS STOMACH!

SILLY TILLIE HAD \$2.00!

SHE SPENT HER \$2.00 ON
ICE CREAM, CANDY, AND SODA!SILLY TILLIE GOT SICK
TO HER STOMACH!

SMARTY MARTY HAD \$2.00!

HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON
A SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD!SMARTY MARTY GOT SICK
TO HIS STOMACH 9 TIMES!

...BE SURE TO GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!

WRITER HARVEY KURTZMAN ARTIST AL FELDSTEIN

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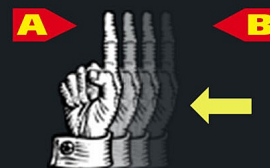
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WHAT WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
HAS RECENTLY
TAKEN A DIVE?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

When formidable contenders take a beating, they can lose their sense of self-worth. While in a downward spiral, the prospect of short-term gains can cloud their judgement, prompting rash decisions. To see the renowned heavyweight in question, fold in page as shown on right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



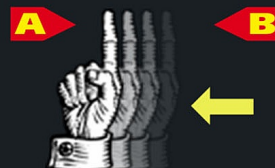
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CHAMPS TO RUIN—TEMPTATION CAN TURN THEM INTO TOY
DOLLS USED BY BAD ACTORS FOR FINANCIAL GAIN. AS VULGAR
AS THE IDEA MAY BE, IT IS SADLY A COMMON PRACTICE.

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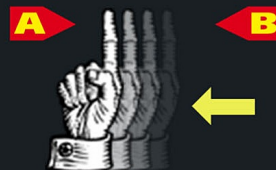
WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

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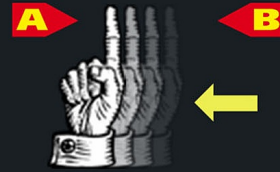
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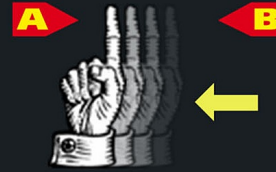
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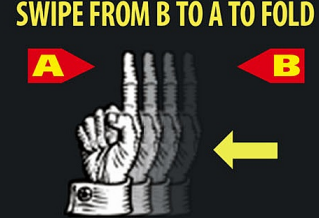
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WRITER & ARTIST
MICHAEL SAMPSON

WHAT WORLD
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HAS RECENTLY
TAKEN A DIVE?



A B



THE ALL-MIGHTY

DOLLAR

A B



PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS WHO KEEPS HIS MONEY IN HIS SHOES

Bootyrest...for the Money that Can Buy Happiness

Good night, sweet principal!

Here's a thought to sleep on: Why toss when the economy turns? Now you can provide yourself with a soft cushion for those hard times that may lie ahead.

When you sleep on a Bootyrest "Night Depository," you rest insured. Because your security rests with you. Just open the convenient side zipper, stuff in your hard-earned

cash, and sleep tight. Enjoy peace-of-mind over mattress.

Then, if the stock market collapses or business sags, you won't lie awake nights. You'll doze off peacefully — counting that extra support you've got in your Bootyrest.

It's much better than counting sheep!

Buy a Bootyrest "Night Depository" and start hoarding today. It's the mattress with the money-back guarantee!

Ordinary mattress sags as economy sags. You toss and turn.



Bootyrest has support of firm cash. You sleep like a log.



BOOTYREST
by ZIPPIN\$

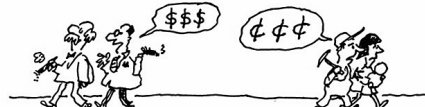
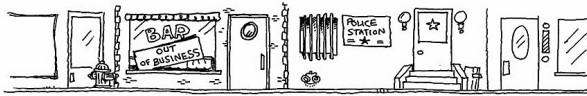
THE MATTRESS WITH
THE SAVING GRACE

A MAD AD PARODY



DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

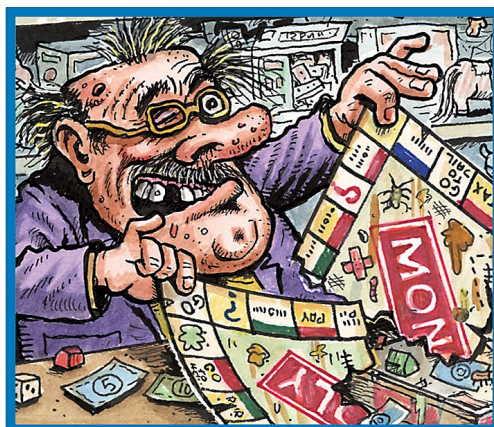
BY
SERGIO ARAGONES



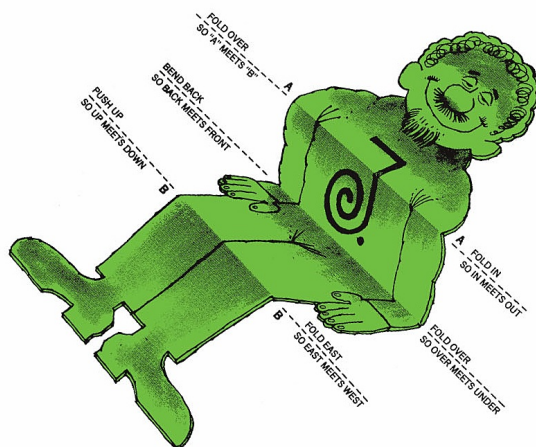
MAD

DIGITAL EDITION BONUS MATERIAL!

Admit your own gluttony and pig out on another TV parody with “Storage Boors.”
From MAD #522, September 2015.



MAD's Al Jaffee coaches the jock kids with an insightful life lesson about becoming professional athletes.
Published in #208, July 1979.





When storage units are abandoned because renters fall behind in their payments, rats invade the lockers. No, not the rodents! *They're* nice compared to creepy, slimy, bidding...

STORAGE

All our "star" bidders are here, ready to make money off the misfortunes of others. Locker renters lose their belongings when they fall on hard times and can't make payments, but our bidders are here to make their despair **FUN!** Each star bidder has his or her own special personality...actually, none of them has any personality at all, but our producers invented "personalities" for each of them. With that in mind, introduce yourselves!

I'm Grave Fester. I come to every auction with a lot of bucks to spend and a lot of contempt for my fellow bidders. I occasionally bid on stuff to buy, but mainly I bid to screw my fellow buyers by driving the prices up. Even if I go home without winning one bid, I have the satisfaction of knowing I made a lot of people miserable. And you can't put a price on that!



I'm Jerk-Rod Shucks and I'm kind of new to the game of bidding on abandoned property in lockers. My wife says I bid recklessly and waste money on total crap. She claims I don't have a plan. She's wrong! It just so happens my plan is to bid recklessly and waste money on total crap. So far, I've been hugely successful! We're almost broke, but we have a store that's full floor-to-ceiling with worthless crap!

I'm Blandi, Jerk-Rod's wife. When we come home from an auction where we had a fight, which is every auction, I can't stand to be in the same bed with him. So I make him sleep on the couch. He doesn't think it's much of a punishment because he's bought 47 couches over the years. Oops! Actually, 49. I forgot he bought two more couches today!

BOORS\$

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

I'm Barrel Schlitz and I've been hooked on storage auctions since I found four authentic Matisse paintings at one 20 years ago. They were the ugliest *&^%ing paintings you ever saw so I threw them out, but I got \$300 for each of the frames! I made \$1,200 and I only paid \$700 for the locker. So as you can see, I know what I'm doing!

I'm Random, Barrel's son. On this show we're portrayed as lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers, but guess what? This is A&E — home to shows like *Duck Dynasty* and *Dog the Bounty Hunter*! Other networks can go after the well-educated, 18-to-25-year-old viewer. Couch potatoes who adore lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers are exactly the demographic this network is after!



I'm Barely Wise, a laid-back, know-it-all collector. I'm also a show-off. To make sure all eyes are on me when I pull into an auction, I always show up in something weird. It could be a racecar, a scooter or even an antique car. I spent the most money ever today to make a grand entrance. I came here in a yacht! The reason it was so expensive is that we're 20 miles from any body of water! Do you know how much it costs to dig a 20-mile-long inlet?!?

Listen up, bidders! These are the rules: when we open an abandoned locker, you have five minutes to look inside. But you can take all the time you need to belittle and berate your fellow bidders. And you should do that, because that's pretty much the only thing that adds a bit of entertainment to this dreary show!

TOM BUNK

I'm Dan Dotson, the auctioneer who auctions off their apartment that is abandoned when the owners don't pay their rent and fees. Whoever comes up with the most cash walks away with the crap inside.

What the hell is that guy saying?

Who knows? He babbles on incoherently and people give him wads of cash.

Babbling incoherently for loads of money — that's Sean Hannity's career!



I have \$100... \$150... \$200... \$250... \$300... \$350...

How does the auctioneer know who's bidding? No one's saying a thing!

They use secret signals. A blink, a nod, a raised finger...

Whoa! That guy just bid \$400, \$600, \$700, \$900 and won it for \$1,000! But no one else was bidding against him!

Poor schmuck had a sneezing fit! Every move here counts!



We won it, Blandi! We'll make a killing on the stuff in this locker!

Are you nuts? You paid \$3,000! We set a limit of \$500!

But look what we got! A brand new HD video camera, professional microphones, studio-quality lights and a working teleprompter unit! That stuff alone is worth about \$15,000!

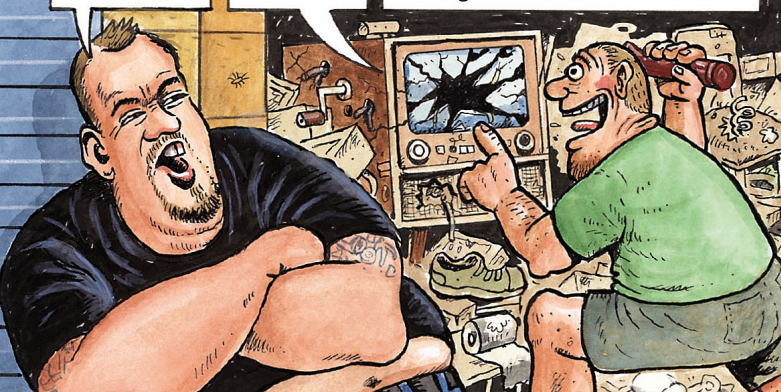
Oh, it's worth more than that, Jerk-rod! Problem is, it all belongs to A&E! That's the video equipment they're using to tape us for the show!



I brought you to help, Random — don't disappoint me! Anything good in this locker?

That monster cabinet in the corner? That's a giant old TV!

What a find! It's not one of them cheap, thin HDTVs that weigh almost nothing like you see today. That old monster probably weighs 200 pounds and it's three feet thick. That's what you call a real TV! People will pay plenty to get one of these babies!



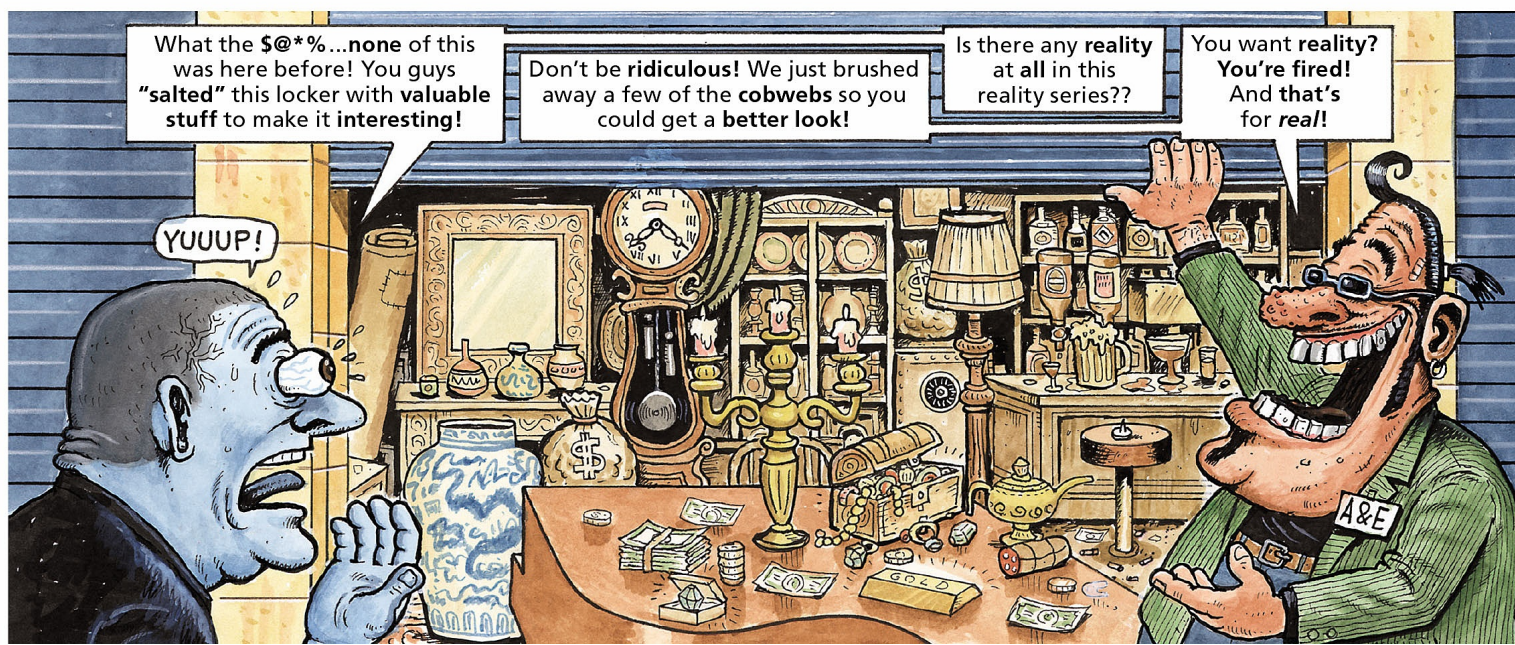
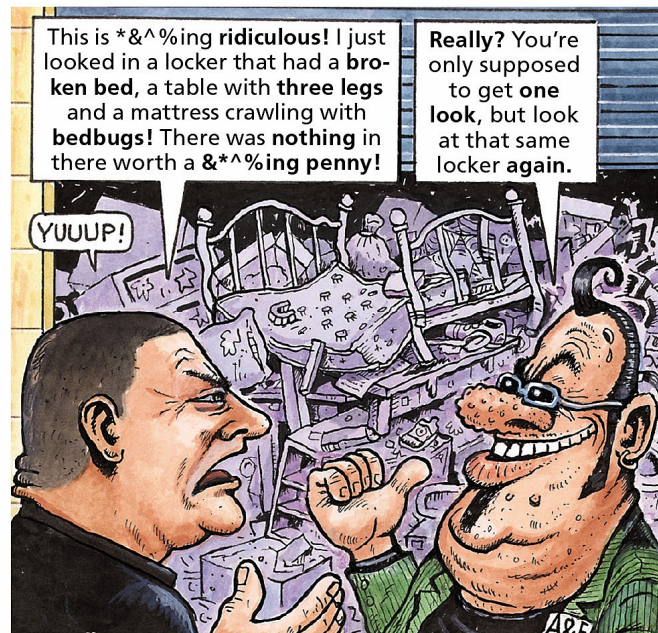
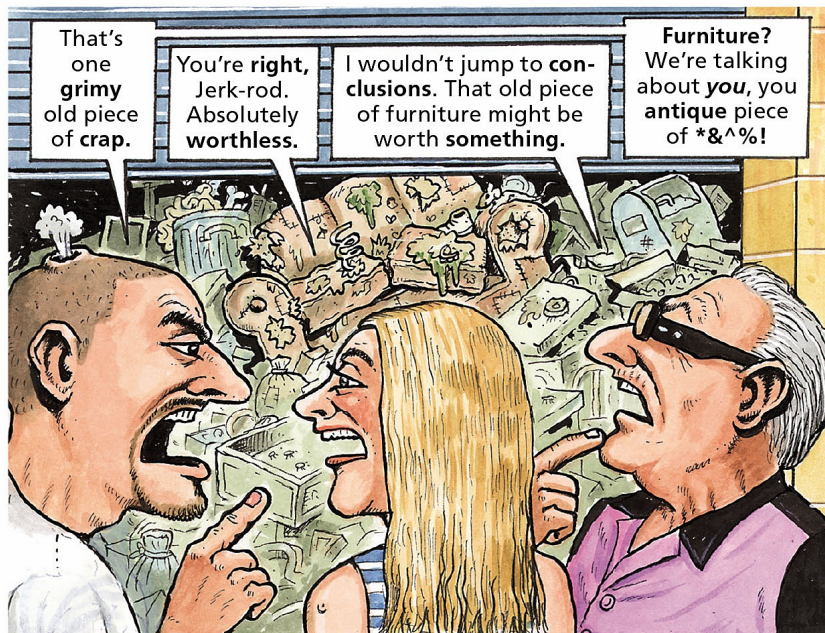
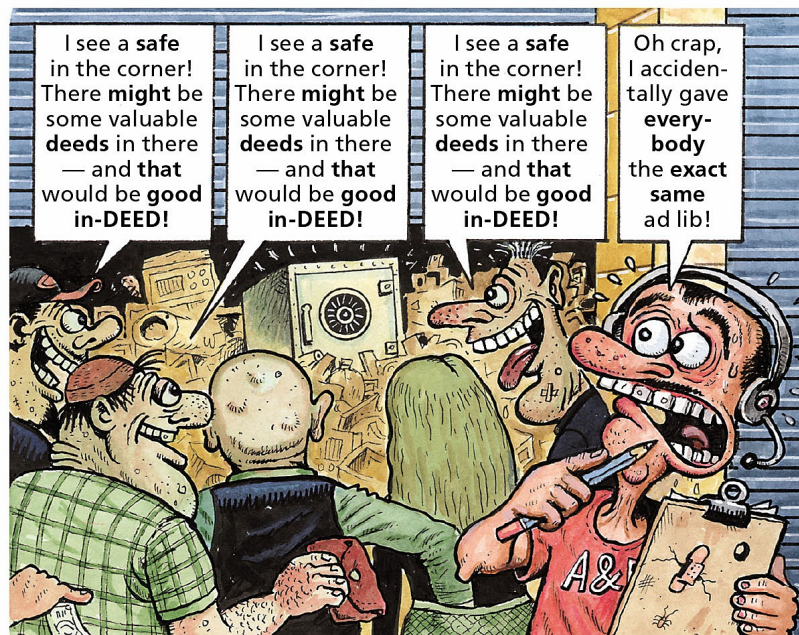
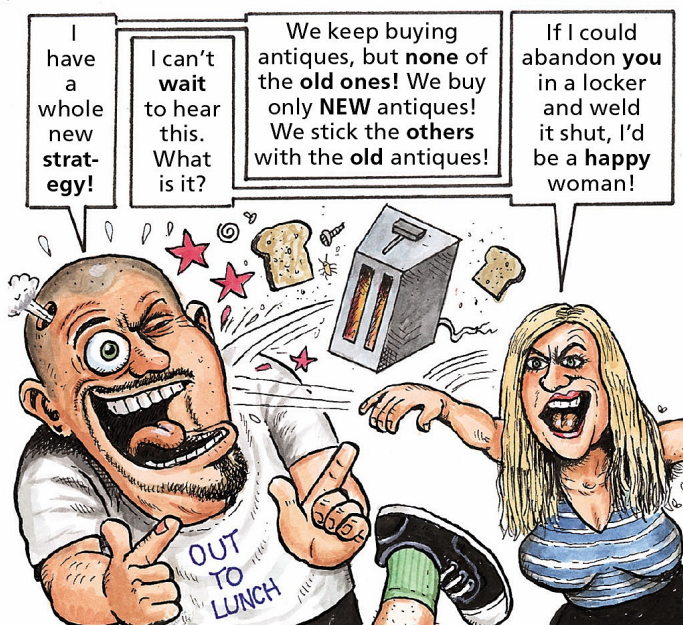
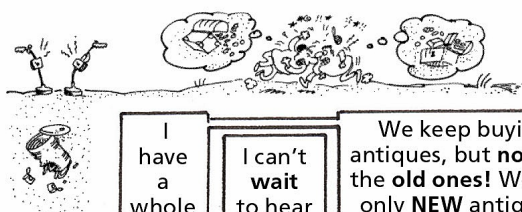
Do me a favor, don't bid on this locker.

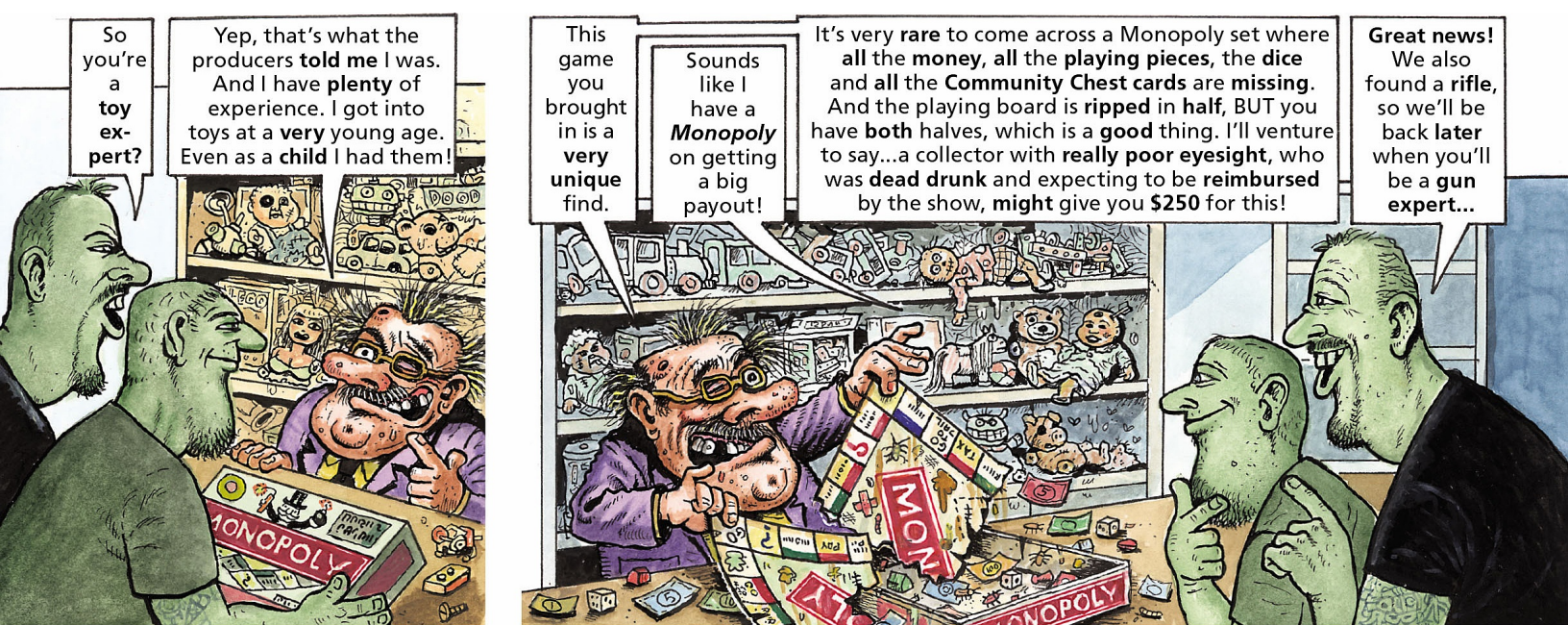
What, so you can have it for yourself? There's some nice stuff in here.

Of course there is — I live in here! It's about the only rent an old person can afford in a big city these days!

I'm not heartless. You can stay here. But you better start paying your monthly locker fee! Otherwise I'll buy it next time and you're out! Understand, Mom?







So you're a toy expert?

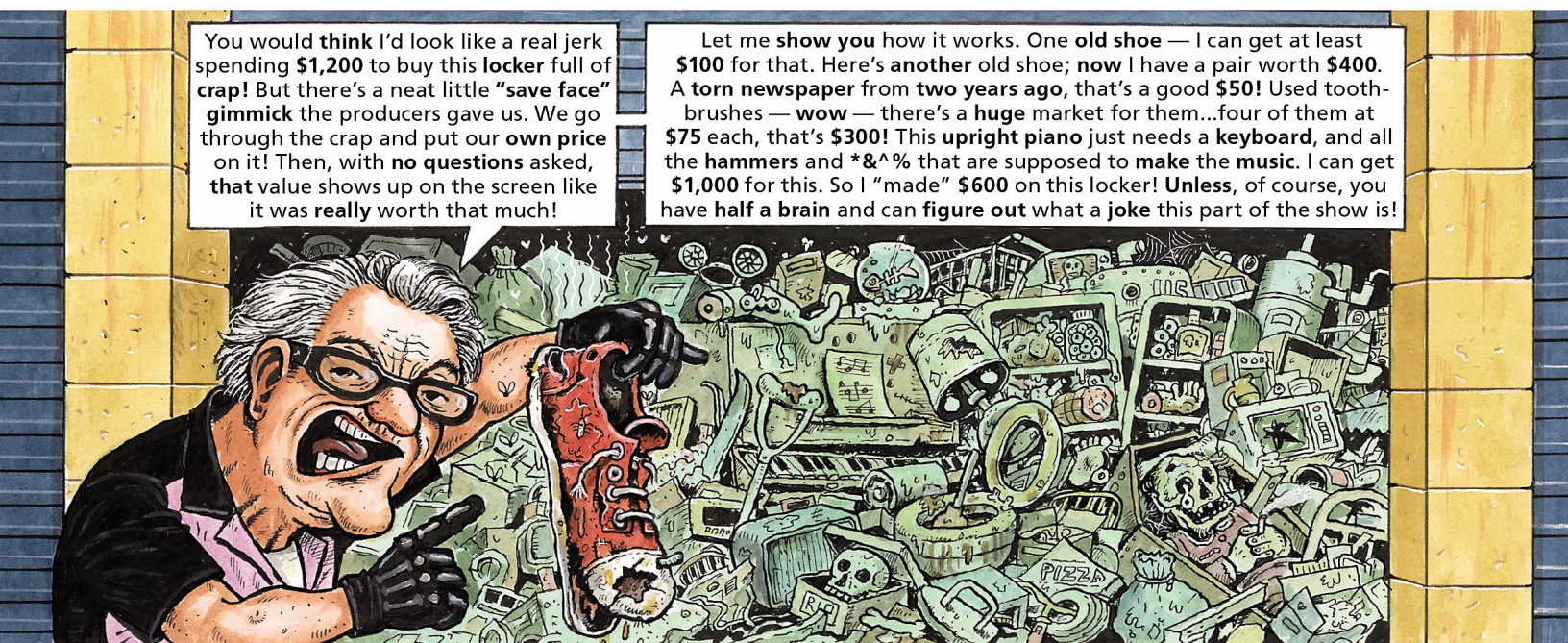
Yep, that's what the producers **told me** I was. And I have **plenty** of experience. I got into toys at a **very young** age. Even as a **child** I had them!

This game you brought in is a **very unique** find.

Sounds like I have a **Monopoly** on getting a big payout!

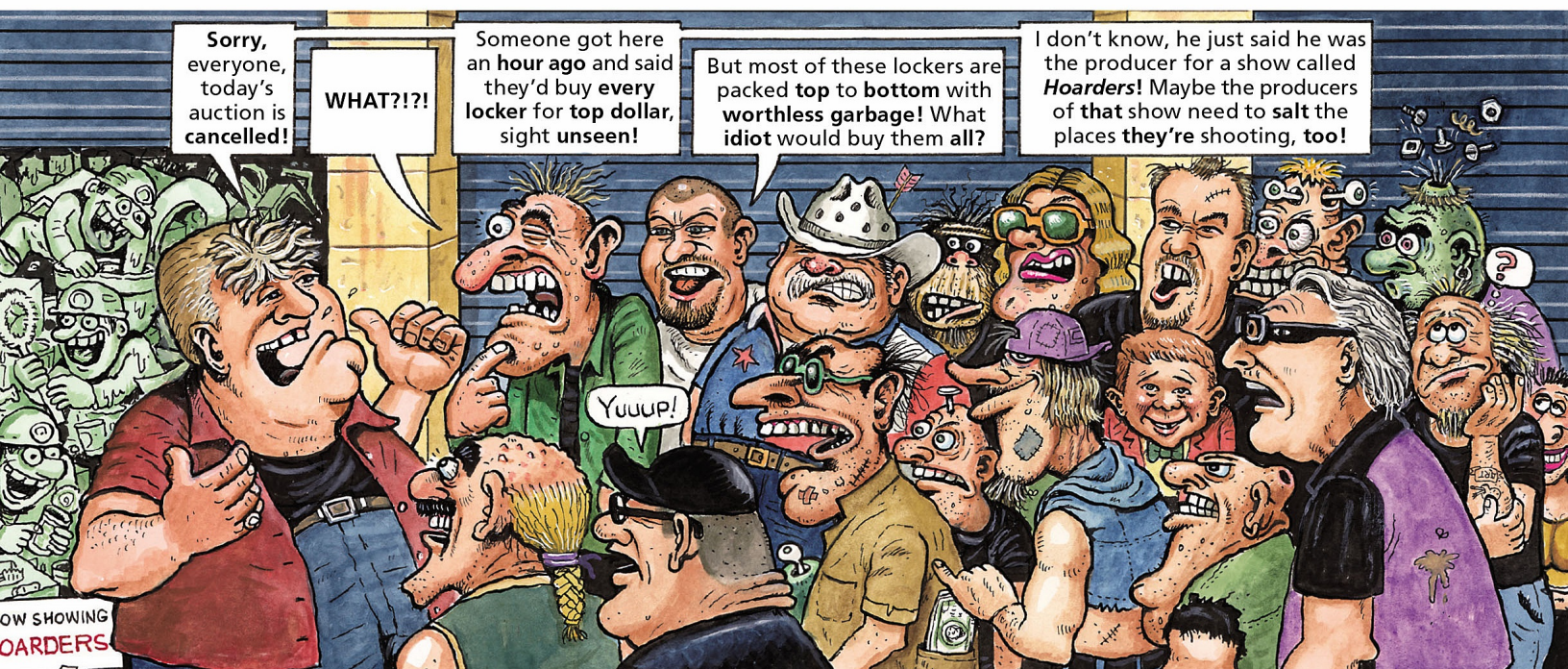
It's very rare to come across a Monopoly set where **all the money**, **all the playing pieces**, the **dice** and **all the Community Chest cards** are **missing**. And the playing board is **ripped in half**, BUT you have **both halves**, which is a **good thing**. I'll venture to say...a collector with **really poor eyesight**, who was **dead drunk** and expecting to be **reimbursed** by the show, might give you **\$250** for this!

Great news! We also found a **rifle**, so we'll be back later when you'll be a **gun expert**...



You would **think** I'd look like a real jerk spending **\$1,200** to buy this **locker** full of **crap**! But there's a neat little "**save face**" gimmick the producers gave us. We go through the **crap** and put our **own price** on it! Then, with **no questions** asked, that value shows up on the screen like it was **really** worth that much!

Let me **show you** how it works. One **old shoe** — I can get at least **\$100** for that. Here's **another old shoe**; now I have a pair worth **\$400**. A **torn newspaper** from **two years** ago, that's a good **\$50**! Used **toothbrushes** — **wow** — there's a **huge market** for them...four of them at **\$75** each, that's **\$300**! This **upright piano** just needs a **keyboard**, and all the **hammers** and ***&^%** that are supposed to **make the music**. I can get **\$1,000** for this. So I "**made**" **\$600** on this **locker**! **Unless**, of course, you have **half a brain** and can **figure out** what a **joke** this part of the show is!



Sorry, everyone, today's auction is **cancelled**!

WHAT?!?!?

Someone got here an **hour ago** and said they'd buy **every locker** for **top dollar**, sight unseen!

But most of these lockers are packed **top to bottom** with **worthless garbage**! What **idiot** would buy them all?

I don't know, he just said he was the producer for a show called **Hoarders**! Maybe the producers of that show need to **salt the places** they're shooting, too!

Yuuup!

NOW SHOWING
HOARDERS

**WHAT
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LESSON DOES
PROFESSIONAL
SPORTS
TEACH OUR
CHILDREN?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Hardly anyone today can escape the excitement and impact of the spectacular of professional sports. But our young people are particularly impressed and inspired by the wild goings-on in this great American industry. To find out exactly what the youth of our nation is learning from it, fold in page as shown on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**OUR MAGNIFICENT SPORTING EVENTS
GREATLY IMPRESS AND INSPIRE THE DEVOTED
YOUNG FANS OF ALL FORMS OF SPORTS**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B

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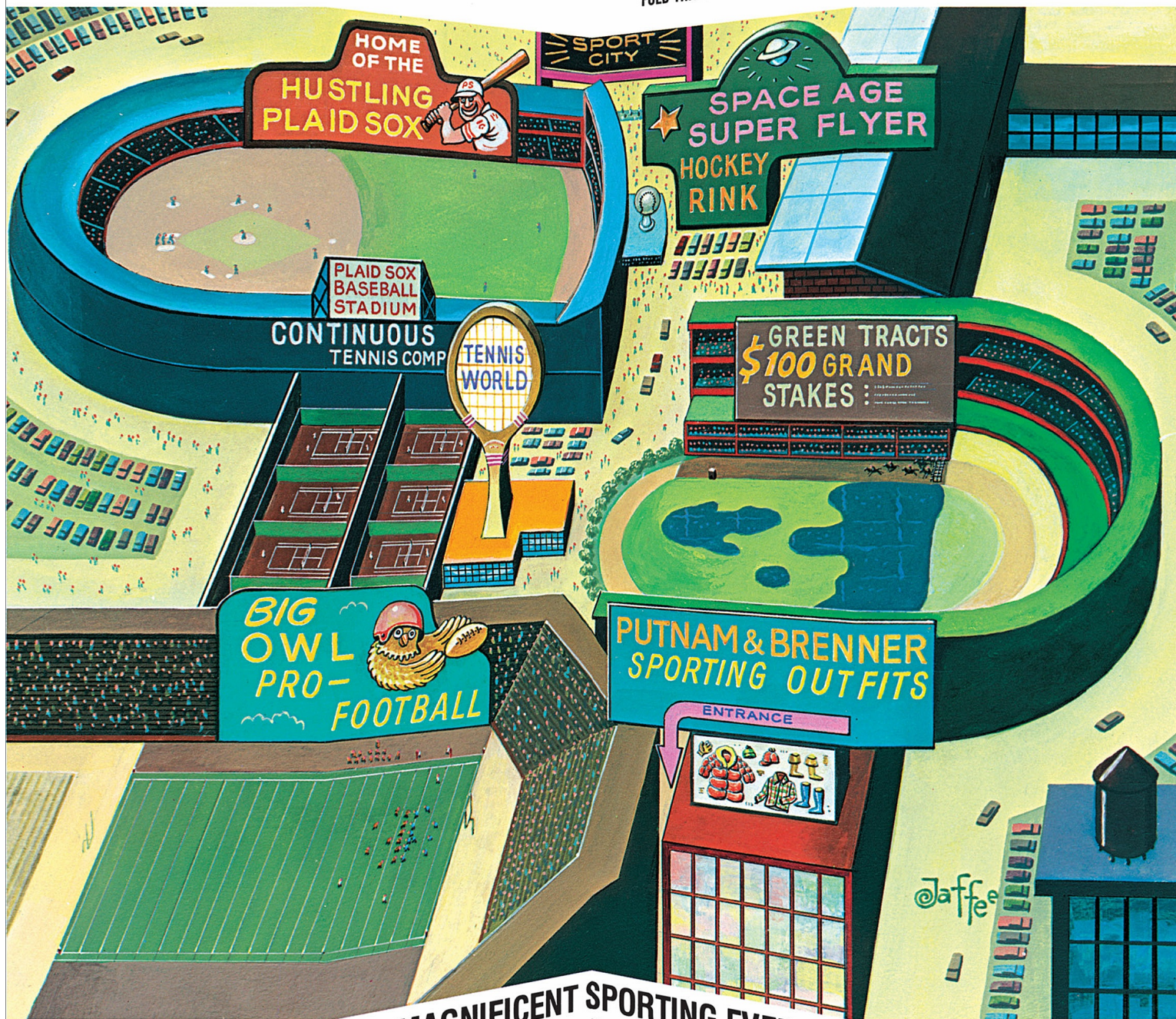


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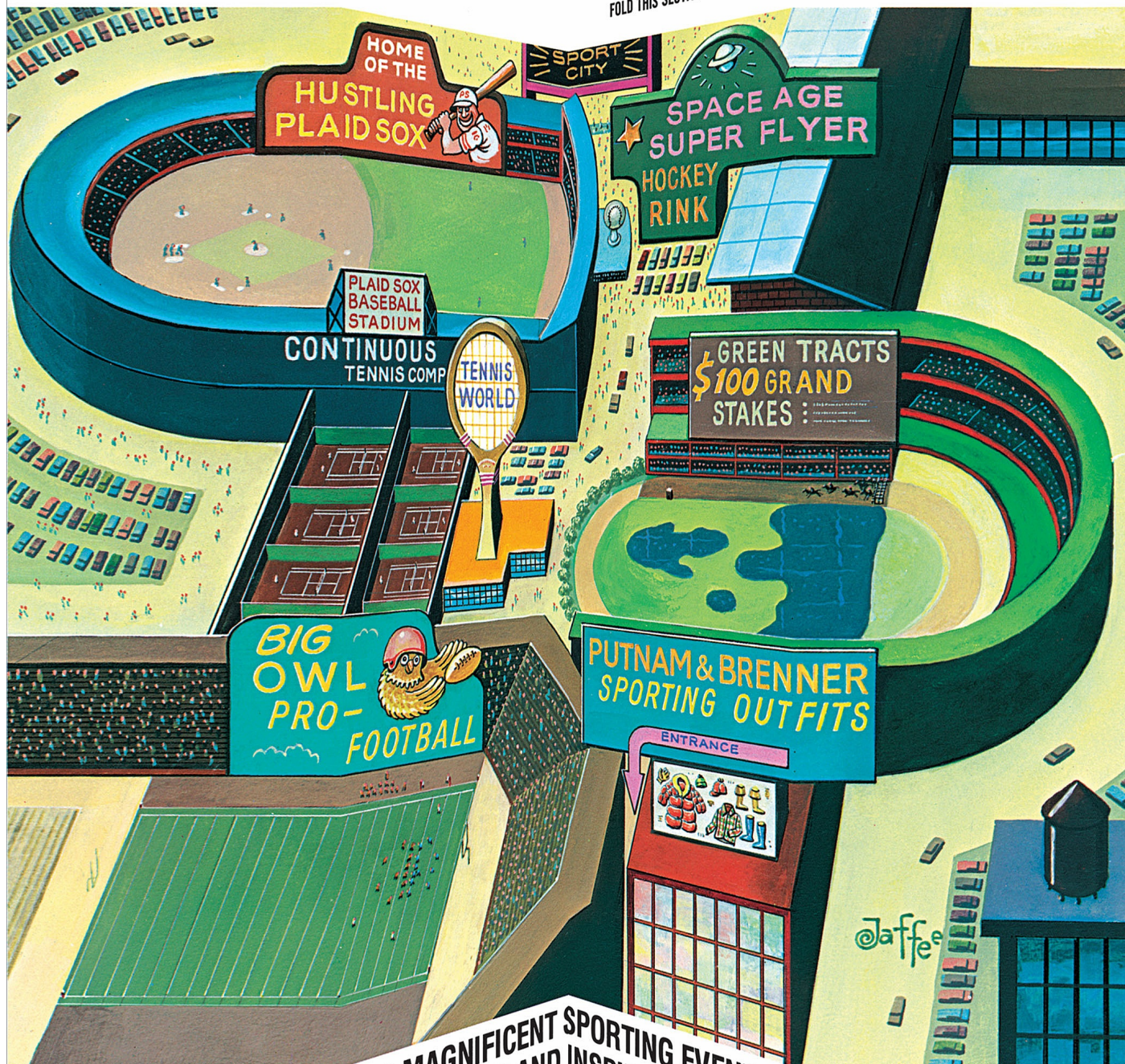


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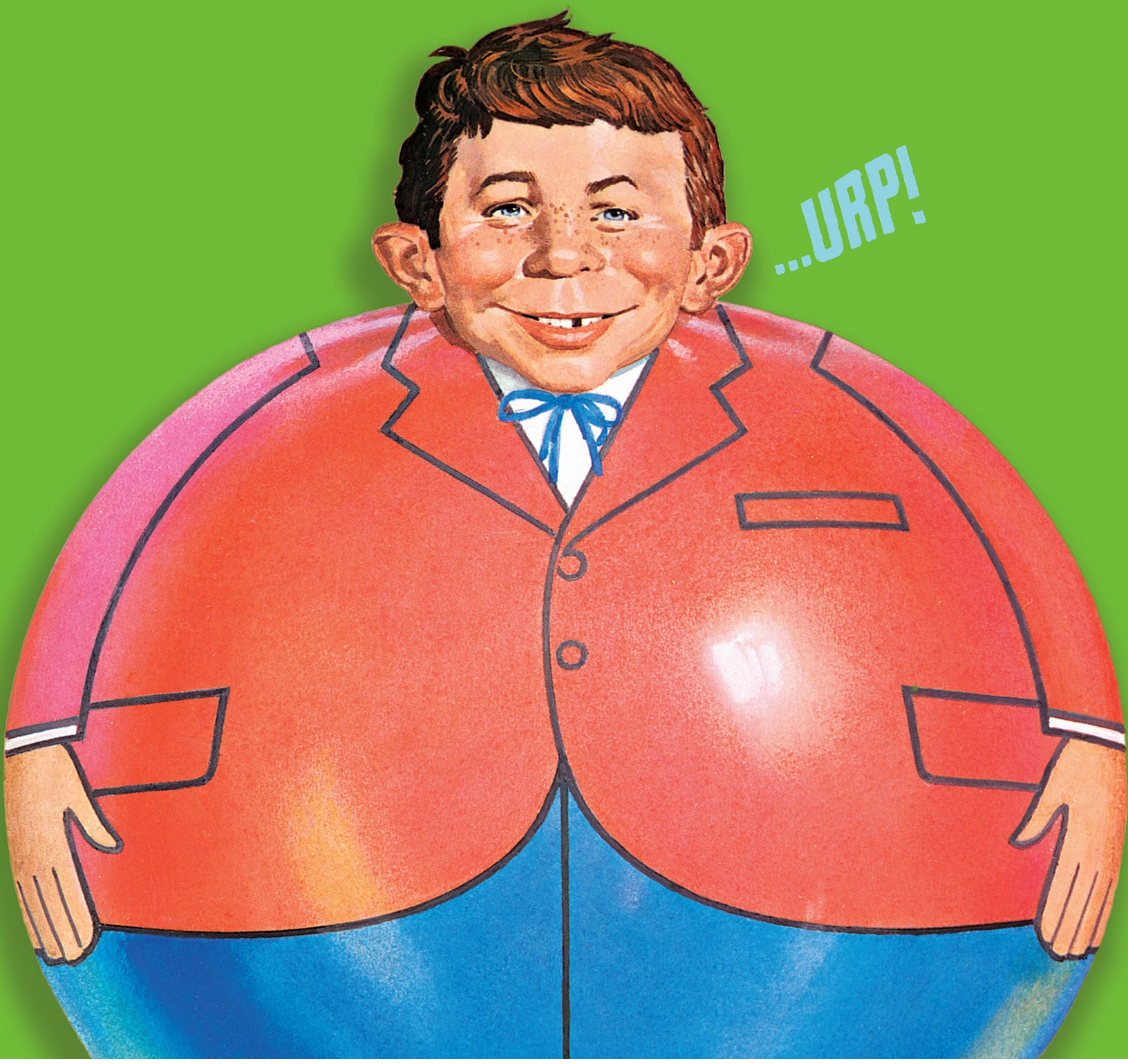


ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GREED

A >< B

MAD



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

